THE THEATRE

VOL. VI., NO. 63 NEW YORK, MAY, 1906 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Otto Sarony Co.

OTIS SKINNER AS THE ABBÉ IN "THE DUEL"

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

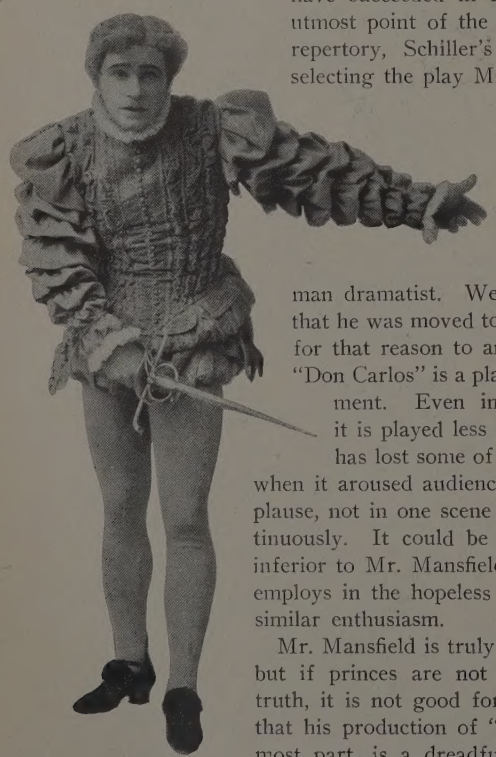
Herbert Sleath Louise Closser Maud Hosford Herbert Carr

THE DOMESTIC TUG OF WAR IN "IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

NEW AMSTERDAM. "Don Carlos." A play by Frederick Schiller. Translation by R. D. Boyland. Produced March 19 with this cast:

Philip II, Fuller Mellish; Don Carlos, Richard Mansfield; Alexander Farnese, Thomas Mills; Marquis de Posa, A. G. Andrews; Duke of Alva, Leslie Kenyon; Count Lerma, Sheridan Block; Duke of Feria, Henry Wenman; Duke of Medina, Sidney Mather; Don Raymond de Taxis, E. C. Warde; Domingo, Clarence Handyside; Grand Inquisitor, Walter Howe; Page, Margaret Kilroy; Elizabeth de Valois, Florence Rockwell; Duchess de Olivarez, Vivian Bernard; Marchioness de Mondecar, Alma Hathaway; Princess Eboli, Eleanor Barry; Countess Fucntes, Adelaide Nowak.

Richard Mansfield, with his intellectuality and an extraordinary range in his mastery of his own art as well as the associated arts, has won a place in the admiration of the public, attested by the vast audiences that fill the theatres wherever he appears throughout this country. His virtuosity is sufficient to supply him with audiences in impossible things. He is a mountain-climber of the heights of dramatic literature. He ascends the Matterhorns of the drama, singularly indifferent as to the ability of the public to follow him. It is certain that very few have succeeded in following him to the utmost point of the latest addition to his repertory, Schiller's "Don Carlos." In selecting the play Mr. Mansfield has been influenced unquestionably by the tradition that it is the best and the most popular of the plays written by the greatest German dramatist. We do not mean to say that he was moved to make use of the play for that reason to any controlling extent. "Don Carlos" is a play of the loftiest sentiment. Even in Germany, however, it is played less often than it was. It has lost some of its power. Time was when it aroused audiences to a tumult of applause, not in one scene only, but almost continuously. It could be played by actors far inferior to Mr. Mansfield and those whom he employs in the hopeless task of arousing any similar enthusiasm.



RICHARD MANSFIELD
As Don Carlos

Mr. Mansfield is truly a prince of the stage, but if princes are not occasionally told the truth, it is not good for them. The truth is that his production of "Don Carlos," for the most part, is a dreadful bore, giving actual physical pain to those who must endure it. We are stating this fact first, reserving such praise as is undoubtedly due. This is one of Schiller's plays which he did not write with continuous application, which was laid aside from time to time, which was begun with one idea, and then changed to another idea for solution. His first conception for the play was the domestic complication arising from the love between Don Carlos and his Queen mother. Whatever might have been the working out of this plan, whatever might have been the action of such a conception, the present remnant of the older play does not meet with the sympathies of an American audience. At the time Schiller wrote this play, there was a turbulance of thought and of emotion not only in Germany, but throughout Europe, owing to the French Revolution. The merest indirect whisper of revolt against political conditions served to arouse clamorous applause. There was a note of sincerity about all that Schiller wrote. Unlike Goethe, he went as far as he could safely go, and, beginning with "The Robbers," went further than any other German writer. This quality and this daring endeared him to the people. It is true that although he began "Don Carlos" with one idea and gradually worked over to another idea, the political one, he managed to work out the play without structural disunity; but all that Carlos wanted to do was futile and impossible, with no result whatever, and necessarily inconclusive. His words are mere wind. The plot, with reference to Don Carlos, becomes purely a personal tragedy. The action begins with a hopeless love for the Queen, an infatuation that amounts either to insanity or indecency, and the whole play runs along on the lines upon which it began, and he finally meets his fate, not because he had ever done anything for the misused people of Flanders, or could do anything for them, but because of the jealousy of the King toward his son concerning his relations—which were, after all, innocent—with the Queen. The Marquis of Posa, the intimate of Don Carlos, is the one figure of sane nobility in the play. One of Schiller's purposes was to make the Duke of Alva hated, as he deserves to be. The characterizations, in the hands of a master like Schiller, are vivid and perfect.

The desire of Mr. Mansfield to reproduce "Don Carlos" with the same effect that it had been played in the last century and a part of the preceding century, has about it a mixture of generosity, amiability, ambition, and a desire to revive what was once a masterpiece; but the conditions of those periods and of this are so different that it has certainly not been accomplished. Whether by revision he can accomplish it is another matter.

Here is a play that in the original would seem to stretch to the crack of doom if every word were used. It is sometimes said that Schiller regarded it as a literary, and not as a dramatic, venture. This, however, in view of the history and success of the play, as a play, cannot hold. It is not always easy to point out the distinct causes of any failure without having the manuscript of the failure before you. But it is certain that Mr. Mansfield's "Don Carlos," as a play, is not close enough to the intent and the genius of Schiller. The proportions and equations are not there. The original play has pages of declamation. It was a declamatory period. To suppress the superfluity of words, words full of sincerity and meaning, and to strip the action down to that effectiveness that would supply the place of the missing words is no easy task. This certainly cannot be done in any decisive degree by the beauty or elaboration of scenery and costume. Few real plays, instinct with action, and with a plot that holds the action together, depend upon scenery. If the present version of the play should be reduced to its final and possible form of continuous action, it would not need elaborate scenery. The test of any play is in the action. Of course, no fault can be found with the scenery of this production as scenery. We recognize its beauty and appropriateness, but refer to it as subordinate to what should be a stronger action. In the scene in which Mr. Mansfield, as Don Carlos, utters his declamatory denunciation of his father, he communicates enthusiasm to the audience. His acting in the play was characterized by his usual attention to detail, but "the play's the thing." Naturally a cast chosen by Mr. Mansfield, with his exact artistic methods, must be a good one. Thus, Fuller Mellish as Philip II, King of Spain; the Queen, Florence Rockwell; Princess Eboli, Eleanor Barry, and others were equal to the expectations that one has in regard to the companies with which Mr. Mansfield surrounds himself.

CASINO. "THE SOCIAL WHIRL." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Chas. Doty and Joseph Herbert. Music by Gustav Kerker. Produced April 9 with this cast:

Violet Dare, Adele Ritchie; Mrs. James Ellingham, Mabel Fenton; Beezy, Maude Raymond; Germaine du Monde, Blanche Deyo; Mrs. Hoover Thorpe, Caroline Locke; Kittie La Verne, Ada Lewis; Julian Endicott, Charles J. Ross; James Ellingham, Frederic Bond; Jack Ellingham, Willard Curtiss; Artie Endicott, Joseph Coyne; Sandy Graham, Marke E. Heisey; Lem Hicks and Jacob Enderman, Charles Halton; Babette, Elizabeth Brice.

With this piece the Shuberts seem likely to duplicate the stupendous success of "Florodora." It has caught on with a jump and gives every indication of holding the boards of Broadway's Moorish Temple of Art until well into the Summer. And yet something very much like "The Social Whirl" was produced by the Shuberts early last fall and played in various theatres throughout the country under the title of "The Winning Girl." It was finally withdrawn in December, but there was such a good idea in it that they called in Joseph Herbert to assist its original author in revising the book, and, with the aid of a new score by Gustav Kerker and a reconstructed and strengthened cast, the unhappy past has been wiped out and prosperity alone seems to loom upon the histrionic horizon.

Charles Doty wrote the original libretto which actually tells a consistent, consecutive and sustained story. The plot grows out of the attentions of a young man to a footlight favorite. His initials are J. E. A weekly sheet devoted to gossip, called *The Social Whirl,* prints certain facts which involve in a comic way two other men whose names have the same initials. A breezy Western trio, including a Butte soubrette and two of her woolly admirers, are involved in the complications which are progressed with unremitting dash and physical fervor. The whole production in this respect reminds one of those made under the direction of George W. Lederer at the same house some years ago. And one of the valuable factors in these series of popular successes is again present in the same composer. Mr. Kerker's score is excellent. It has verve, rhythm and the catchy qualities so dear to the general ear. The humorous numbers possess the real comic quality, while the waltzes have that alluring Viennese spirit so associated with the work of this composer. Mr. Kerker leads, too, with his accustomed skill, while R. H. Burnside has stage-managed the piece in a manner which displays his fertility of device at the best. The book, too, has much witty merit. It is a strong aggregation of talent which the Shubert's have engaged for the exploitation of "The Social Whirl." Adele Ritchie, resplendent in a series of striking gowns, impersonates the Broadway favorite with something more than the usual animation she generally affects; Mabel Fenton as a society leader, always to be relied on, does not fail on this occasion, and Blanche Deyo is alluringly vivacious as the owner of a manicure parlor. Maude Raymond enacts her colored attendant with unctious gusto, but the feminine honors are carried off by Ada Lewis as Kittie La Verne, the soubrette from the Idaho circuit. Artistically repressed, but buoyant with humor and fun, it is a thoroughly admirable impersonation. Frederic Bond shows his valued training by his sound and comic rendering of a gay husband, and Charles J. Ross helps capably by his quietly effective methods. Joseph Coyne as a society reporter gives a capital rendering of a well-drawn bit of character. The rest of the large cast is entirely competent and the beauty of the feminine chorus contingent is well up to the exacting metropolitan standard.

FLORENCE ROBERTS

An emotional actress who is a strong favorite in the West and who has just made a successful stellar début in New York in a drama entitled "The Strength of the Weak." Florence Roberts, in private life, is the wife of Lewis Morrison. She was last seen here six years ago as Marguerite in "Faust"

LIBERTY. "LINCOLN." A play in 4 acts by Benjamin Chapin. Produced March 26. Cast:
Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Chapin; Edwin M. Stanton, Francis McGinn; Joseph Hooker, David R. Young; Walter E. Flood, W. H. Pascoe; Ralph Bixby, Malcolm Duncan; Edward, Julius Barton; Uncle Joe, J. H. Lewis; Thomas, Master George Clarke; Mary Todd Lincoln, Maude Granger.

It is a unique entertainment rather than a play which Mr. Benjamin Chapin presented recently at the Liberty Theatre, and which he will, in all likelihood, continue to present for hundreds of nights to come in the various playhouses throughout the country. For "Lincoln," as his study of the great martyred President is called, has just those qualities which will appeal strongly to a large class of people who seek their histrionic pleasures only in the Lyceum and are but seldom induced to enter a theatre. As this magazine has already told, Mr. Chapin for years has given Lyceum entertainments. With a personality strikingly like the immortal rail splitter he would, in costume and make-up, retail the authenticated anecdotes associated with the President's life. From this little beginning Mr. Chapin has for a long time been working on the project of rounding the sketch out into a completed drama. In the sense that Lincoln is the central figure in a sustained story of dramatic sequence Mr. Chapin has not written a vital play, but on a thread of ingenuous romance he has hung a series of historical episodes that portray with feeling, dignity, humor and humanity the wonderful personality of Abraham Lincoln. It is a reverent study which he has made. It is crude at times and the joints of its mechanism creak, but it is just that simplicity that gives it the real stamp of truth. A more polished product would have seemed artificial and theatrical. The various scenes in which the President appears are well selected and bring out those homely but forcible traits that made Lincoln the ideal man to cope with national responsibilities which would have overwhelmed the average incumbent of the presidential office. His various encounters with the choleric Stanton and the sensitive Joe Hooker show the simple tact of the man at a glance, while more than happy are the little scenes portraying the tolerant husband and the indulgent father. There is real power in the episode before the eve of Gettysburg where Lincoln's anguish for his brave men, suffering in the storm, is intruded upon by the prankish Todd Lincoln, who refuses to go to bed and can only be bribed by a story. It is almost a pity that the curtain for the act does not fall here on so touching a picture, as the melodramatic events that follow seem cold and thin. There is a nice projection of the idea of impending doom as, in the final act, Lincoln and his wife leave for the theatre where the great tragedy was to be enacted that shocked the civilized world. Mr. Chapin's work in the titular character is well conceived and admirably executed. It is a genuine impersonation of true dramatic value. Master George Clarke is very happy in his assumption of the spoiled imp of the White House, and Maude Granger not only portrays the President's wife with becoming fidelity but

(Continued on page x.)

LOLA HAWTHORNE
Well remembered as one of the three Hawthorne sisters and now appearing in European concert halls

AMERICAN ARTIST TO SING CARMEN AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE

ONCE more has an American artist scored a triumph in Europe, Marguerita Sylva, well known on the American stage as a singer of light opera, has just signed a year's contract with M. Carré, director of the Opéra Comique, Paris, to sing leading soprano rôles at that theatre beginning September next when she will make her début as Carmen. Recently she has been appearing in Bizet's opera at Nancy with signal success. In addition to Carmen she will sing at the Opéra Comique the title rôle in Charpentier's opera, "Louise," also "Cavalleria Rusticana," Charlotte in Massenet's "Werther," Margaret in "Le Roi d'Ys," etc., etc. Victor Capoul, co-director of the Opéra, under whom Mme. Sylva has been studying, introduced the American singer to M. Carré, and the French director afforded her unusual facilities for a trial audition as Carmen, providing scenery, lights, properties and even a flesh and blood Don José in the person of M. Nuibo, of the Opéra, who is also well known in New York. The audition was so satisfactory that M. Carré immediately made the singer the offer of an engagement for two years, but she did not think it wise to tie herself down for such a long time, so a contract of one year was finally agreed upon.

Reutlinger
MARGUERITA SYLVA AS CARMEN

Mme. Sylva was born and educated in Brussels, and after finishing her course at the Conservatoire there, moved with her family to London, where she was engaged by the late Sir Augustus Harris and made her first appearance on any stage at Drury Lane Theatre in 1895, appearing in the rôle of Carmen in English with marked success. Later she joined the company of H. Beerbohm Tree, and afterwards came to America, where she has remained ever since. She has had an enviable career on our stage as a singer and actress, appearing in "The Princess Chic," and other pieces, and, prior to leaving America in November last, she was offered the opportunity of creating a new rôle in a big operatic production by Messrs. Shubert. Her ambition, however, has always been to sing at the Opéra Comique, Paris, and at last her hopes have been realized.

Copyright by Clogenson, Dallas, Tex. SARAH BERNHARDT IN FRONT OF THE GREAT TENT, CYCLE PARK, DALLAS, TEXAS

Sarah Bernhardt's Triumphant Tour in the West

THE present tour of Sarah Bernhardt is certainly the most remarkable one ever played in this country, not only by Madame Bernhardt, but by any other foreign or native player. Her receipts everywhere have been colossal, and the size of her audiences unprecedented. Two causes have been directly responsible for this rage of public curiosity to see the great French actress: Firstly, the well-founded belief that this will be the last opportunity to see the most gifted player of our time. Secondly, the ill-advised attempts to check the progress of an artist of international fame by closing the doors of theatres to her, which arbitrary act forced her managers to have resort to performances in a tent. Could a better advertisement have been wished for? Sarah Bernhardt in a tent! It was better than the circus, and the people of Dallas, Texas, turned out *en masse*.

In Kansas City the French tragedienne played in Convention Hall to the enormous audience of 6,543 persons, the box-office receipts being $9,984, the largest single night's receipts from a dramatic entertainment ever known in the history of the stage. And when it is remembered that the performance was in the French language, understood by less than 10 per cent. of the persons present, these figures are eloquent enough. Her receipts everywhere have averaged $4,000 nightly. In one week in Boston they were $39,000 and in one week in Chicago they were $33,000.

The physical endurance of the actress, her good spirits and unfailing amiability are marvelous in a woman of her age. She will be sixty-two next October. The arduous work of the performance and daily fatigue of the traveling seem to leave no trace upon her. Up to April 7th, she had traveled 14,441 miles, playing daily, and sometimes twice a day.

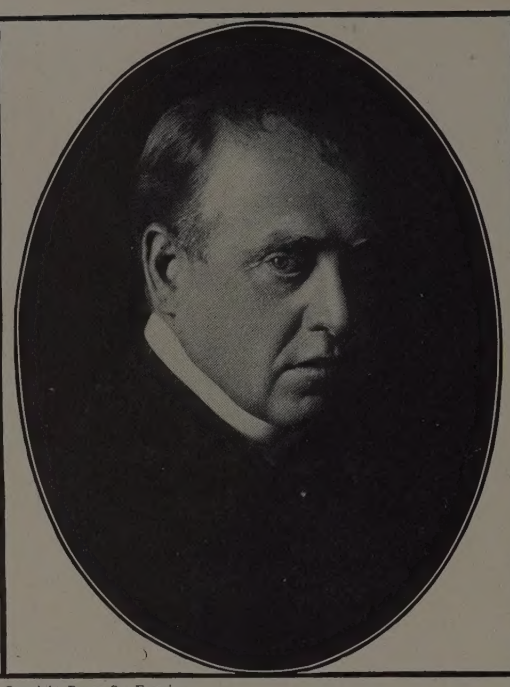
The pictures reproduced on this page will have historic interest for future generations, showing, as they do, one of the world's greatest actresses as she looked on her last American tour, and giving some idea of the circus-like conditions under which American corporate greed compelled her to travel.

A MEAL IN THE PRIVATE CAR "LA BERNHARDT"
Stationed in view of the tent at Dallas, Tex.

MME. BERNHARDT AND SOME OF HER COMPANY
From right to left: Mme. Bernhardt, Mlle. Seylor, M. de Max, M. Chameroy, M. Simonson

Bangs, San Francisco

BLANCHE BATES
Now appearing in "The Girl of the Golden West"



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NAT C. GOODWIN
Who will shortly produce "The Genius and the Model"

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HILDA SPONG
Leading woman with W. H. Crane

The Secrets of the Actor's Profession

By TOMMASO SALVINI

The following article, written by Tommaso Salvini, will have more than ordinary interest for American readers. What the great Italian actor says applies to our stage and to our players equally well as to his own, and the closing passages are particularly touching, giving as they do an inside view into the life of this great master of the world's stage as at the age of 76 he reflects upon his past life and spends his last days in the artistic city of Florence.

IT is not everybody's business to disclose the secrets of the stage. The laity are not especially interested in these matters, while the initiated do not like to have disclosures made that will be detrimental to themselves.

For many years past I have had to listen to the complaints of certain actors who seem unable to avoid being in a continual state of financial embarrassment, and who claim that they are the victims of some misfortune. I shall endeavor to show that an actor's financial condition is not due to luck, whether good or bad, nor to the influence of the stars under which he was born. Few probably take the trouble to inquire why it is that some artists, often of mediocre ability, have laid by enough to live on in comfort, while others, far more gifted, have not been able to lay up enough to support them in their old age. In regard to the former it will generally be observed that they have lived more blameless lives, have been economical and saving, often to the point of niggardliness, while of the latter it will be said in tones of reproach that they have lived irregular, extravagant lives, with no thought for the future. I do not deny that such has been the case with many of them, and that, therefore, the words good luck and bad luck do not in any way apply to them. But let us suppose that both classes had lived in the same way, there would still be a difference in their condition which needs explanation. Wherein does this difference lie?

We often hear of artists, singers and actors, who, after a brilliant career marked by the greatest financial success, have become teachers in some music or dramatic school, and who are more than contented to end their days in such a place; while others, who have stood equally high in their profession, have had to appeal to the generosity of their colleagues for support or have even had to become recipients of public charity. On the other hand we know of actors far less celebrated who are able to live in affluence, the result not of luck but of their own sensible way of living. We must admit, however, that the wandering life which the actor must of necessity lead, his forming the acquaintance of thousands of people in different places, the fulsome praise and flattery which he hears on all sides, etc., are more than enough to create distorted ideas of life and destroy one's natural thrift and foresight, so that it requires a character of great firmness and earnestness to resist these manifold temptations. But if the necessary character on which everything depends is lacking then the failure must be attributed to this fact and not to fate or personal misfortune.

Schloss

MARY BOLAND
Leading woman with Robert Edeson

We come now to the artistic side of the actor's career. What, then, is the secret of his success or his failure as an artist? I grant that it is possible to be a great artist without possessing the ability to shine in society. But, on the other hand, I believe that if in social intercourse with one's fellows, one shows a certain lack of culture, he will lose caste in the eyes of the public, not only as far as his social qualities are concerned, but it will affect their estimate of his histrionic ability also; for the public, either justly or unjustly, makes no distinction between the man and the artist, and metes out either praise or blame to the latter according

to the impressions it has received of him in personal intercourse. Take but one example: who does not admire the magnificent works of Benvenuto Cellini? But whoever knows the man himself, arrogant, vainglorious, boastful, can but say: "What a pity that a blot should rest on works so wonderful in themselves because of the character of the author."

I have taken as an example an artist not intimately associated with the life of the stage, so as not to mention anyone who has belonged to the stage in the past or who belongs to it now; for among the profession examples are by far too numerous. And yet they are the very ones who are the loudest in ascribing to some special misfortune a condition for which they alone are responsible—a condition, too, which they could have prevented even if caused by a fault to which they were by nature prone.

In order to interest the public it is not enough to simply announce oneself as a clever actor and to be the recipient of flattering criticisms: *one must be able to call into play all one's enthusiasm and inspiration.* There exists no set of rules telling how to do this; there are no special directions to be followed; and I doubt whether even schools of oratory or of acting can aid one very much in this matter. It depends entirely on one's natural gifts, one's inborn talents to interpret characters, to display emotions, passions, to produce every shade of facial expression, together with clear and expressive articulation, and a voice capable of great modulation and penetration, and, last but not least, the ability to bring out the more important parts of the sentence and to place the emphasis on those words which are especially characteristic of the character interpreted. But besides an analytical and physiological knowledge of the character he is to play the actor must possess intuitively the insight of the perfect imitator, while his judgment must be faultless.

If the actor possesses all these qualities he will be able to gain absolute control over his audience and compel them to recognize his genius. I say "genius," for it often happens that he produces effects which the author himself never dreamed of. In such a case there comes to exist between the public and the actor a silent bond of sympathy, a sort of magnetic current which flows forth from the inspired soul of the actor and kindles in the audience an inspired enthusiasm. Naturally the public wants to see such an actor often, to experience again and again this uplifting enthusiasm. If an actor possesses such powers it is but natural that the audience should be larger and more sympathetic than by actors who are equally industrious, equally meritorious, but who lack the quality of genius and of personal magnetism. As a consequence his fame is greater and his income larger.

But, alas! how short is this fame? Or what do these geniuses leave to posterity? Nothing! As soon as they vanish from the stage their achievements, great though they were, inspired though they were, vanish too! Some of their contemporaries, recalling the days that once were, may tell their children of the enthusiasm these actors once kindled in their breasts; these children get a faint impression of what it may have been like; later this impression itself becomes but a shadow, and then—it vanishes without leaving a single trace behind! Perhaps one name among the many may survive long enough to lose itself again among the names of the history of art! This thought is an ever present thorn in the flesh throughout the whole life of the actor who otherwise loves and reveres his art. His contemporaries may be lavish in their praise, they may shower gifts and honors upon him, yet none of them is able to erase from his consciousness the sad fact that his is an art which leaves to posterity no copy, no trace of what it was. Therein lies the sadness. And yet they devote themselves to their art passionately, conscientiously; they vie with each other for the public's flattering favor, so stirring, so inspiring, yet so fleeting a favor such as is meted out to no other profession but that of the stage. And when the actor is finally obliged to leave the field of his successes he is even more down-hearted than before. The applause has ceased and with it has vanished the artistic stimulus which hitherto had more or less suppressed the sad thought which has constantly hung over his soul. He realizes that all will soon be over with him. This thought ages him prematurely, his hairs turn gray before their time, his powers are shattered, his soul is dead within him, it is but the body which exists.

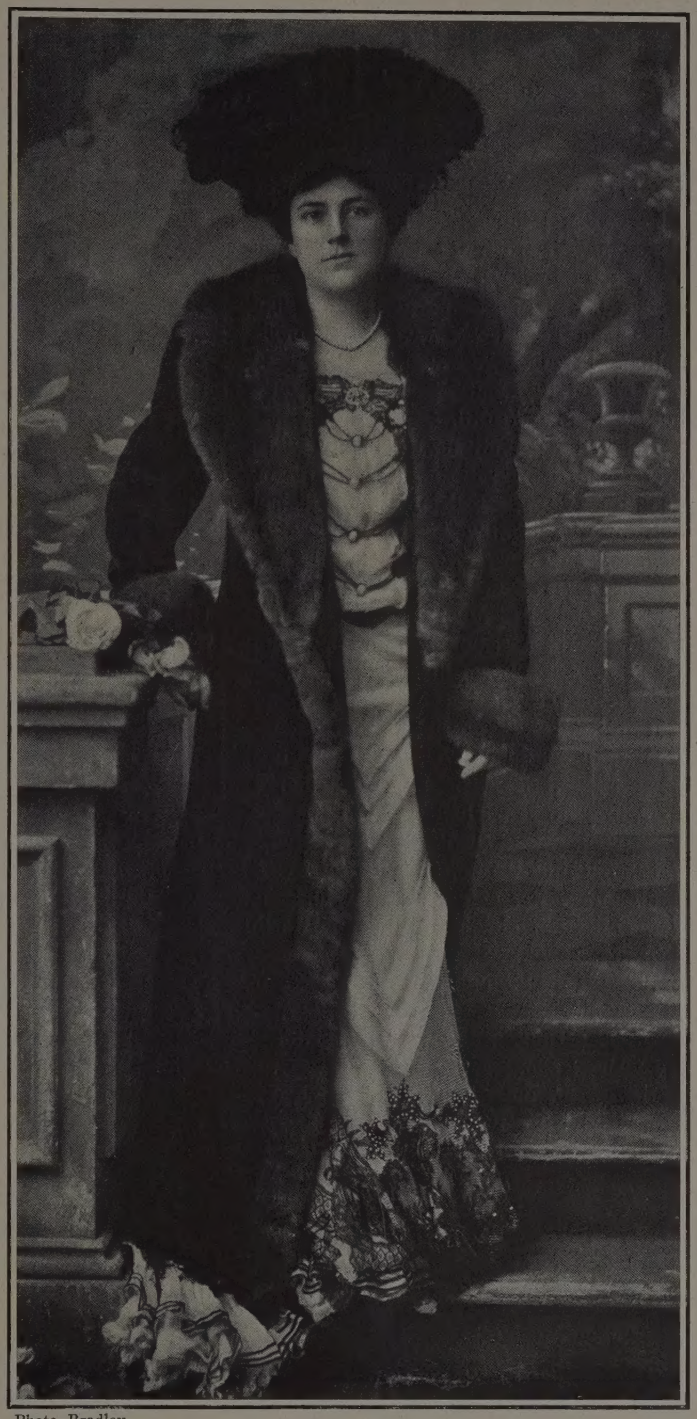


Photo Bradley

AMBER LAWLORD

Leading woman in Cleveland Moffett's play "Money Talks." Miss Lawlord is a Kentucky girl and related to the Lorillards. She was seen some time ago at Daly's in "Frocks and Frills," and later in "The Pit" and "A Fair Exchange"

What a pity that the wonderful inventions of Edison have never been brought to perfect completeness. By means of the locomotive and automobile we can, as it were, fly on the wings of the wind, we can send our thoughts across continents without the use of conducting wires, but as yet no instrument has been invented to reproduce at the same time the tone of the voice, the facial expression and the gesture. Had we such an instrument we should be able to reproduce the actor, and yet even then I doubt if a mere human instrument could catch and reproduce the inner fire of the soul, that God-given gift of the actor which is alone the real secret of his art.

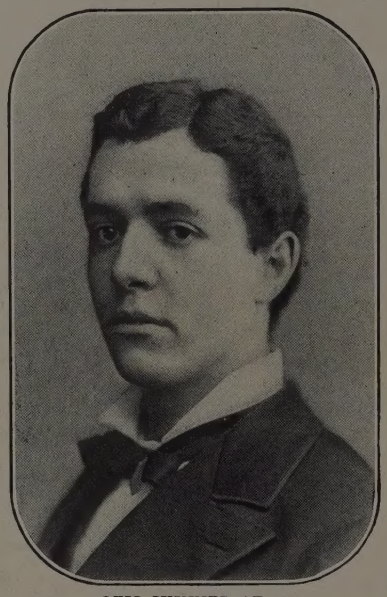
Translated by MANFRED LILLIEFORS.

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By OTIS SKINNER

THERE seemed to be, in the days when I thought of being an actor, no reason why I should be one, and every reason why I should not—reasons of heredity and environment standing like rocks against the feeble waves of my inclination. My heritage was a New England one, my environment that of a minister's household in Hartford.



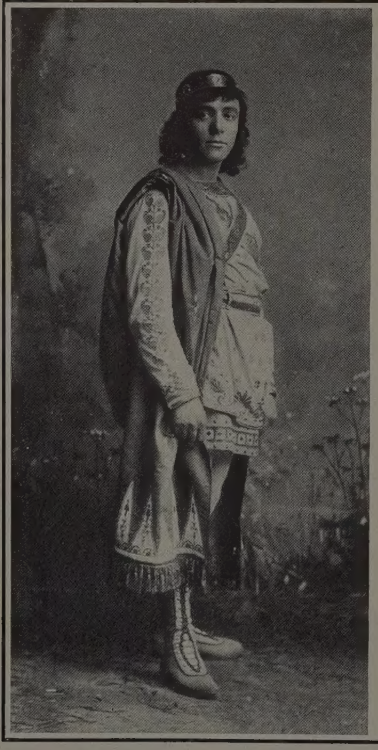
OTIS SKINNER AT 19

Nobody, especially no teacher of mine, ever complimented me on any embryonic qualities. I was a bad boy, distinguished only for the negative quality of laziness. Believing that a career of scholarship was not for me, my father allowed me to leave the High School at fourteen, when graduation was still a remote contingency, and set me to work in an insurance office. I preferred a fire insurance office, thinking that it held more possibilities of excitement than one in which the risk was one of life. But it never happened that I went to a fire, as I had hoped. The fire department was at the other end of town, and writing about fires in contradistinction to going to fires was a theory as opposed to a condition. After a few days my imagination was no aid in my clerical duties and I found them only a little more tolerable than going to school.

When I had been an insurance clerk for two years I came over to New York to visit my elder brother, who was then an humble reporter, earning a few dollars a week on a Brooklyn paper. He walked about the great city with me, our joint purses not justifying the outlay of car fare, and my most vivid impression I received while trudging up Broadway. It was when we followed the curve of Broadway and came upon the glory of Union Square. The bunch of fourteen or fifteen gas jets in the square was far more magnificent to the boy than the midnight electric whiteness of Broadway is to the man. Dazzled with the splendor of the gas illumination I walked in a semi-dream to the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which was then the fashionable Lyceum, and saw the play "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Jeffreys Lewis was the Esmeralda and T. C. King, an English actor, played Quasimodo. It was while I viewed this performance from an eerie seat near the roof that I was fired with the fancy to be an actor.

I went to all the free public libraries collecting and devouring all the works on the drama and dramatic art I could find. I read the biographies of players, lectures on acting and old plays. The more I read the more was I resolved upon my vocation. Necessity compelled me to end my visit and go back to filling out fire insurance blanks in the Hartford office. But while I wrote policies I thought plays, and instead of sordid premiums there floated before my mind's eyes façades of the theatres and rows of footlights.

It was at this time that my father preached a sermon on permitting a child to follow his bent in the choice of his business or profession. My revered governor came out very strong on the evil of thwarting a child's inclinations and bending his unwilling energies in the direction of the paternal wishes. Ordinarily I had been drowsy at services, but this time I sat up straight and listened attentively to every word that fell from the paternal lips. I cherished the words of that sermon. I even jotted down the most radical of them. From that time I had a weapon of defense



Lysander in "Midsummer Night's Dream"

As Henry VIII

Paolo in "Francesca da Rimini"

against parental opposition to my dearest desires and hopes.

A church in Hartford, anxious to pay the church debt, decided upon the extreme measure of giving a play. I believe it was in the Sunday-school room. I managed to get into the cast. We played "The Honeymoon" and all the others played their parts most decorously and with becoming and holy restraint. I played so warmly that I shocked the good and charitable audience. After this amateur appearance I formed an alliance with a young man who played skillfully on the mouth organ. We hired town halls in Connecticut villages and posted bills announcing that the young man who used "Professor" before his name would play the harmonica and I would give readings. A few would come in; fewer sat quite through the remarkable programmes. Usually we walked home, but I didn't care. I had risen another rung on the ladder of my hopes. I was becoming an "artist."

Otto Sarony Co. ETHEL BARRYMORE

This popular young actress has retired temporarily from the stage, having recently been operated upon for appendicitis. Her health has been failing for some time, but it is hoped that she will have completely recovered by next Fall. She is seen in the above picture as the mother in "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire," the rôle she was playing when taken ill

After a year or more of my dubious peregrinations with the professor of the mouth organ I broadened my plans. I visited various church societies, gave readings and gathered local talent about me. I divided the receipts with the church societies and we prospered. I no longer walked home. For between four and five years I continued to give these readings, continuing also to write the fire insurance policies, as the part of prudence. All the time I was preparing to break the news to my father. Again and again I had pictured the scene leading to the grand climax when I should say in answer to his thunders of objection: "But five years ago you preached on the free will of children. You advised parents not to thwart the inclinations of their children. Here are some of the things you said." I painted in vivid pictures myself coolly drawing the notes from my pocket and confronting my pale and angry parent with excerpts from his own sermon. When the time for the important conference arrived, however, father inconsiderately spoiled my big scene. I went to his study, courage writ in my outer lineaments, but within quaking doubt. "Father," I said, "I want to be an actor." There was no argument; there was no climax. He said, "All right."

The great question was how to get an engagement. It was difficult to impress the managers of visiting companies with my merits. It was an expense not to be thought of to go to New York, pester managers and await developments. I was to give a reading at a church in Bridgeport, and I remembered that P. T. Barnum, an old friend of my father's, lived in Bridgeport. I asked my father to give me a letter to him. With this letter I presented myself to the great showman.

"Ah! I see," he said, when he had read the letter. "What can I do for you?"

"I should like a letter that I can show to managers."

"Just so," he returned, and sitting down wrote this note which I have always preserved: "To whom it may concern: This will introduce Mr. Otis Skinner. He comes of very nice and respectable parents. He has a talent, a desire and a yearning for the stage."

"Have you anything in view?" he inquired.

"Mr. Wm. T. Davidge, Jr., of Philadelphia, answered a letter of mine some weeks ago, but there is nothing definite," I answered.

"Davidge? Yes, I know him. Mention me to him."

With the letter, most precious of possessions, I went to Philadelphia. The Museum was so named because there were stuffed wild beasts in the lobby and wax works overhead. It was not an attractive spot, but, although it has long ago been converted into a genuine museum, I look upon it with reminiscent affection for it was my dramatic cradle.

Mr. Davidge engaged me at eight dollars a week, to play anything for which I was needed, but by the end of the season I had been promoted to first old man, and I had played 130 parts. I had acquired experience, but by no means all of my salary. Sometimes I received four dollars, often nothing. When I went to Mr. Davidge's office and asked him for money he would run over a sheaf of bills and say: "My boy, look at these, all bills for gas. Now if I don't pay some of them they will shut off the gas and then what will you do?"

"I don't know what I will do!" I admitted.

"There!" he used to answer, triumphantly, as though that suggestion of calamity closed the argument.

At these times I took a few more of my beloved books from my zinc trunk and carried them to a second-hand shop so that I might pay the rent of my attic room. It was a small sum, a dollar and a quarter a week, but it had to be paid. Eating was not a regular function. I always tried to eat enough when Mr. Davidge extricated himself temporarily from the gas man's toils to fortify me against times of famine.

We supported visiting stars at the Museum. One of these stars was Jerry Cohan, the father of George Cohan. We played "The Molly Maguires" with him. I had to play a lawyer and had no white shirt. Convention demanded that a lawyer should not wear a colored shirt. Looking frantically about the dressing room I found a soiled paper cuff. I cleaned it with bread crumbs, cut it into a V shape and pinned it over my colored shirt.

Another star was Frank Frayne, who was a fine marksman. His wife and brother and brother-in-law traveled with him. He shot an apple off her head and a pipe out of a negro's mouth.

(*Continued on page vii.*)

Byron, N. Y.

SUPERS "MAKING UP" FOR A PERFORMANCE, USING A COMMON DRESSING ROOM

The Supermen and Superwomen of the Stage

THERE are certain terms whose utterance is accompanied or followed by a smile as invariably as onions, in the process of peeling, exact an involuntary tribute of tears. Among these mirth-producing words the expression "super" must be given prominent place. Everyone knows what a "supe" or "super" is. His native soil is the stage, and upon it he struts and frets his hour or two, for a more or less munificent pecuniary consideration, in rôles which require him to be, like the proverbial small boy, seen, but not heard. He is the silent Senator in "Julius Cæsar," the non-communicative Cadet of Gascogne in "Cyrano," the excited but inarticulate broker in the big scene of "The Pit.' The sterner sex, of course, does not command a monopoly of the "profession." The fair but speechless ladies of high degree who wait upon the Queen in "Hamlet," the gesticulating female mobbists in "The Only Way," belong also to the supernumerary class. The spectacle of these worthy individuals patrolling the stage, in silence for the most part, and permitted to speak only in chorus in moments of great and pre-arranged excitement, appeals usually to the humorous sense of an audience. There is, one must confess, something laughable about the "super," especially when he is ill-trained and woodeny. But like every other phase of the Human Comedy, Superdom has its serious side,—yes, and its tragedies, more acute, many of them, and heart-rending, than any that we witness on the boards.

The "super" of twenty years ago, as the older managers will testify, was apt to be, if not an abomination before the Lord, at least far from a present help in time of trouble. In his most frequent manifestations he was a dissolute do-nothing,—undependable, and inordinately fond of the flowing bowl. Perhaps the fault was not all his. The times, so far as he was concerned, were sadly out of joint. His master, the "super captain," was not unusually a bully of the first water and the tenth beer, a man who roughed it over his little band with an authority as brutal and unrestrained as was ever exercised by a blackguard mate on the high seas. He was prone to pay his dependents only when the spirit moved him, and if persistence in demand were shown it was not unlikely that the "captain" would settle the controversy and the applicant by a single superhuman stroke.

But those good old days, apparently, have gone beyond recall. A change, gradual enough, but, in its total aspect, marked and significant, has taken place, and the dawn of a new day has broken in the indifferently lighted super world. It is, only under a different guise, the same transformation which, despite the pessimists, has surely been evolving in the whole theatrical system for the past fifty years. It is the change consequent upon a demand for higher intelligence, special fitness and training, and dependability. The choosing of "supers" for an important production is no longer simply a question of procuring a certain number of individuals to "fill in." The exigencies of the play make definite demands as to which of the called shall be chosen. New York's "bread line," taken wholesale from the street any night and transported to the theatre, would serve well enough, perhaps, for the "make-up" of a strike scene. It would not do at all for such a play as "The College Widow." To select the supers for some productions is as difficult a task as to pick the principals. This selection, and the training

Byron

SCENE IN W. A. BRADY'S PRODUCTION, "PRETTY PEGGY"

Showing how supers were used to invade the auditorium in imitation of ye gentle theatre manners of the 18th century

of the material procured, requires ability of a special sort, undreamed of by the old-fashioned "super masters." And as stage management grows more and more perfect, increased demands are naturally made upon the "supers" — the men and women without whose intelligent co-operation vivid and convincing ensemble effects could not be created.

Byron, N. Y. STAGE MANAGER TEACHING SUPERS HOW TO FALL IN CERTAIN POSITIONS

If you would know what sort of people are these individuals who are painted, with varying art, into almost every stage picture, go to one of the offices in New York where they make a business of hiring out "supers," on a day when a call for a big new production has gone forth. The place, you will find, is full to overflowing with a crowd, motley, perhaps, but still not bad to look upon. There are several wrecks, to be sure,—notably that old-young man, with the heavy eyes and the unhealthy face. Some of the women, too, may have steered by a star other than the Polar, and seem not far from the rocks. But the rest of these people, you see at a glance, have not drifted into the office simply because it was the port easiest to reach. Many of the young men are dressed with care, and have the dapper, boxed-up appearance characteristic of department store clerks. Others show that mixture of Yankee shrewdness, versatility, and glibness, which proclaims the house-to-house agent. A couple of shabbily clothed boys, who seek work because they must have food, rub shoulders with a group of typical college men, who have come to offer their services because the affair is a "lark," and their "governors" are "tightwads." Among the girls who crowd the office—of course they are all girls, though their ages, like those of the men, are apt to range from seven to one hundred and seven—there is represented well nigh every type of femininity. The tall, the short, the blonde, the brunette, the stout, the thin, the pretty, the plain—they are all in evidence. One trait these women seem to possess in common—knowledge of the art of dressing well on a little more than nothing a year.

A goodly percentage of the applicants of both sexes have employment of some sort during the day, and manage to do their "suping" after regular business hours, an arrangement not so very difficult when the "show" remains in town. Most of them have their evenings free, and the Saturday half holiday gives a chance for participation in the usual matinee. With people so situated, "suping" is not apt to be regarded as an over-important task. They may like the work, and do it well, but what it represents to them, after all, is simply a way to earn extra money. To many other of the applicants, "suping" means much more. To that pretty brunette, who is so determined not to lose her place in line, it signifies a formal introduction into the land of her ambitious dreams. To that boy with the eager face, the privilege of being killed nightly, in the great battle scene, for the sum of fifty cents per, means the placing of his foot upon the first round of Fame's swaying ladder.

For these theatrical aspirants the silent ranks of the supers offer a practical school of dramatic training, a school in which they can yearn, and learn, and earn, at one and the same time.

The wages, of course, are not high. They average from fifty cents to one dollar a performance. Supers on the road, especially those who have "thinking parts," that is, rôles which require some acting, though no speech, may receive as high as fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. Even these wages, however, are not calculated to feed bank accounts, when living expenses have been deducted. It is the training, and the chance for promotion, rather than the immediate pecuniary return, which attracts to this work the budding Bernhardt and the Talma who is to be. The training is of two sorts. A large part of it is received

Byron, N. Y. STAGE MOB BEING REHEARSED IN SHOUTING AND POINTING

quite unconsciously, and consists in the absorption of theatrical terminology, customs, and traditions, and in learning how to face an audience without undergoing gooseflesh transformations, or stage fright horripilations. The conscious learning is that which has relation to the arts of "make-up," stage bearing, dancing, fencing, etc., in all of which the "super" is fairly sure to be instructed before he has been many months on the boards.

The great opportunity for promotion is that offered by the herent element of tragedy. To start out with high ideals, great hopes, and lofty ambitions, rich in the glory of one's rising sun, and then, to find the years passing, the goal receding, youth and strength fleeting, and so, in the gray desert of age, to brood over what might have been,—by such slow spinning of a faulty thread, rather than by a quick closing of the dread shears, do the Fates add most cruelly to the world's woe.

But there is a brighter side to Superdom, upon which the

White Mozart (Howard Kyle) Constanza (Kathleen Kinsella)

SCENE IN THE PLAY "THE GREATER LOVE"—AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF MUNKACSY'S FAMOUS PICTURE, "THE LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART"

chance to understudy some member of the company who has a more or less important rôle in the production. Such a chance falls oftener than might be supposed to a "super" who shows evidence of any ability.

A well-known star, in an interview several years ago, expressed the opinion that fame and fortune often fail to come to the deserving, at least in the theatrical profession. Few of those at all acquainted with the life of the stage will deny the sad truth of this remark. It is the heroic but futile struggles of so many brave souls in the ranks that furnish the theatre with an in-

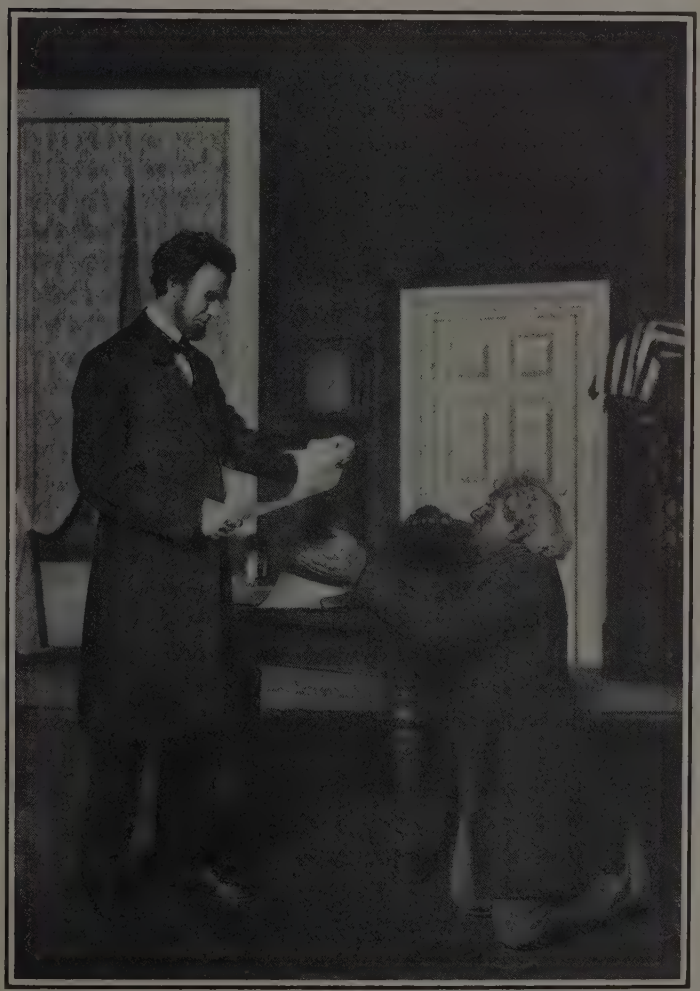
struggling aspirant may gaze, and gazing, take fresh heart of courage. From the supernumerary brotherhood have come so many great actors and actresses that to name them would almost amount to reciting the roll of the Histrionic Immortals. And not only the worthies of bygone generations have risen from these humble beginnings: not a few of our present-day dramatic celebrities, who wear purple and fine linen, and eat strawberries in December, can look back upon a time when, even with the best of arithmetic they found it hard work to make both ends meet, on super's pay.

AVERY HOPWOOD.

Abraham Lincoln Presented on the Stage

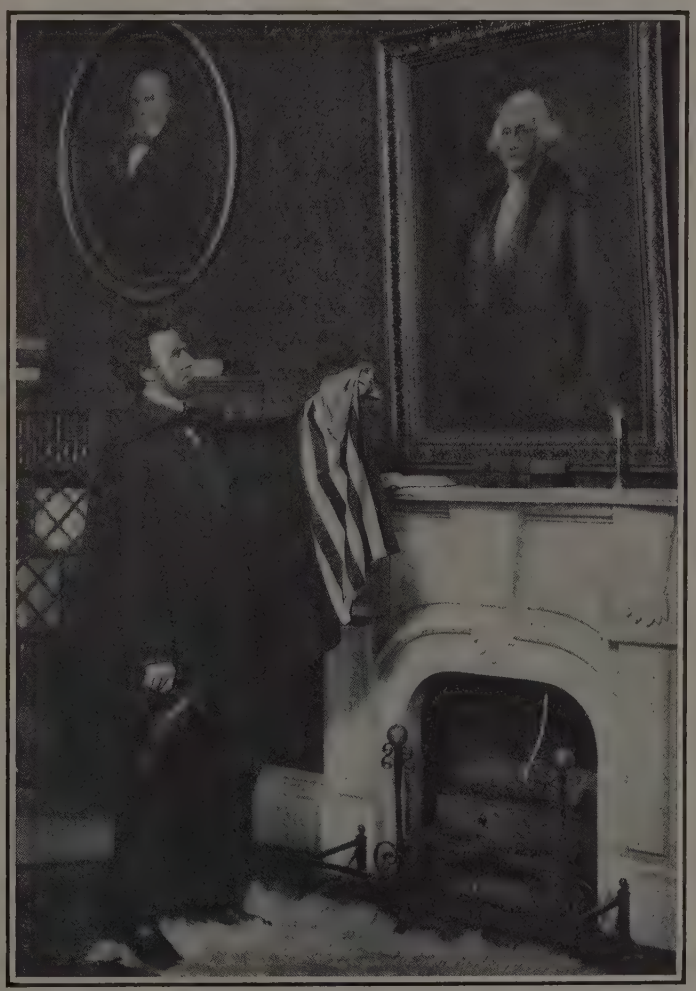
Toddy (Master George Clarke) Abraham Lincoln (Benjamin Chapin) Mary Todd Lincoln (Maude Granger)

ACT I. PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY



Photos Hall Uncle Joe (J. H. Lewis)

ACT IV. READING THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION



ACT IV. APOSTROPHIZING "OLD GLORY" TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Mother of Endowed Playhouses

The Historic Weimar Theatre

and its services to dramatic Art.

THE WEIMAR THEATRE AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

THE news that New York City is soon to have realized the long cherished dream of an endowed theatre has aroused the liveliest interest in Europe, especially in Germany where the enterprise and praiseworthy aims of the New Theatre Association have received much attention in the press. It was Goethe who prophesied that one day the stage would become a recognized public educator, and America's rich men having at last awoke to this truth has won them far more glory in the cultured German mind than the possession of all their millions.

Goethe was not only the founder of modern dramatic art, but his little theatre at Weimar may well be styled the mother of endowed play-houses. Destitute of luxury and hampered by cramped dimensions of stage and auditorium, the little Weimar Theatre presents, indeed, a sharp contrast to the magnificence of the soon-to-be Palace of the Muses in Central Park West, but the small and unpretentious German theatre is rich in a past full of rich associations with the names of Schiller, Goethe, Liszt, and Wagner, and opulent also in a present whose high standard of achievement gloriously supports the traditions bequeathed it by these immortals.

Histrionic precedents established in the "Athens of Germany" go back as far as the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was the custom for Weimar youths, assisted by students of Jena University, to give dramatic performances before the Grand Duke William. There existed in Weimar almost without intermission during the two hundred years succeeding this early beginning a sort of stock company, such as was practically unknown in other cities in Europe, except possibly in England.

With the arrival, in 1748, of Anna Amalia (niece of Frederic the Great), as the bride of Duke August Konstantin, Weimar entered upon its first Golden Era. The artistic-souled young Duchess became a widow at the early age of nineteen, but, though burdened with the heavy cares of the regency (during the minority of her son), she yet found time for an eager pursuit of the fine arts. She summoned to her court, one by one, the most noted artists, poets and musicians of her time. In 1771 was produced in Weimar the first genuine German opera, the now forgotten "Alceste," music by Anton Schweitzer and words by the poet Wieland, always to be remembered as the first translator of Shakespeare into German.

When her son, Charles Augustus, at the age of eighteen assumed the reins of government and invited Goethe to reside in Weimar, Anna Amalia was still a young and attractive woman. Freed from the State duties she had so ably discharged, she now gave herself up fully to the enjoyment of private life. One of the most interesting places to visit in Weimar to-day is the unpretentious Withum Palace. One sees there the cosy rooms where the Duchess received her most intimate friends on those now famous Friday evenings. In the dining hall is shown the round table about which they gathered to hear the poems, plays and essays—on all possible subjects—with which they entertained one another. It was into this brilliant circle that the modest Schiller was later introduced.

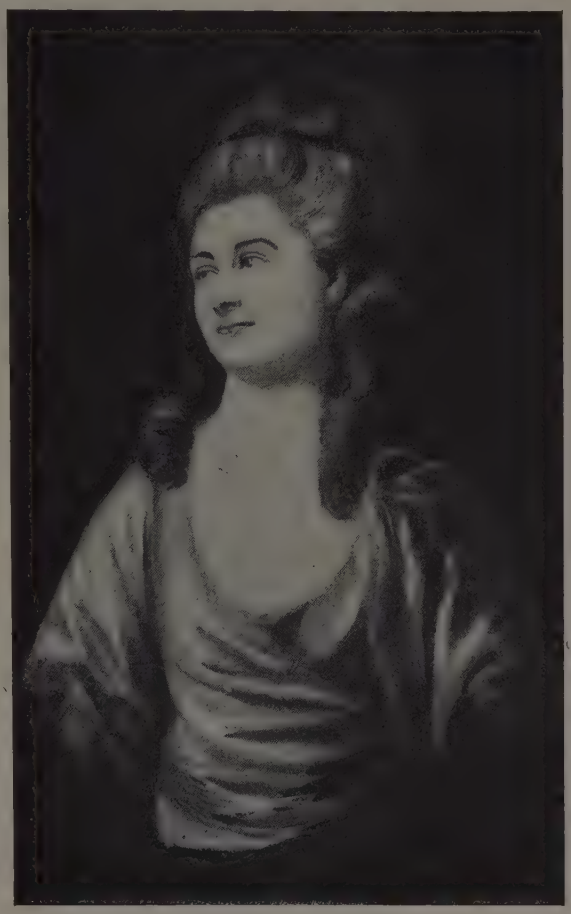
THE GOETHE AND SCHILLER MONUMENT
Facing the Weimar Theatre

But the greatest mutual interest of these merry scholars was really their common liking to don the "sock and buskin." Their company included only one professional, the beautiful Corona Schroeder, yet for ten years it ably performed the office of fostering the love of the dramatic art in the public mind. In almost a delirium of creative activity, they wrote or adapted plays and operettas, acting them before court and burger-folk. In Summer they gave these performances in the open-air theatres which one still sees at Schloss Belvedere and at Tiefurt (Anna Amalia's Summer home). Among the first and most practical of their achievements was the building of the Weimar Theatre upon its present site, opposite the Withum Palace. In 1784, the amateurs,

wearied at last, turned over their labors to an excellent professional troupe, whose salaries were paid from the private purse of Duke Charles Augustus. This company, under Goethe's supervision, soon reached a degree of excellence which gave them a national reputation.

At this time, Weimar itself was a mere village. The streets were ill paved and at night unlighted. Schiller spoke of it as the "Dorf Weimar." Mme. de Stael, however, seemed nearer the truth when she wrote, during a visit at the court of Charles Augustus, to a friend in Paris, "Weimar n'est pas une petite ville, mais un grand château." But of this "château," pervaded as it was by the personality of Goethe and the art-loving Duke, the theatre was part and parcel.

It seems almost impossible to realize that the author of "Faust" gave more actual hours of the best years of his life to the personal and active directorship of this small theatre than he ever did to his life work. Yet such was the fact. He engaged the actors, selected the plays and even went over the rôles of the principal players with them in his own home. During the rehearsals at the theatre, he was always in his place in the ducal box, watchful and attentive. He tolerated no laziness, no carelessness, no poor memories. When something occurred upon the stage which did not satisfy his excellent and exacting taste, an Olympian voice was wont to issue from the darkness which reigned in the auditorium, giving some wittily worded criticism or helpful suggestion to the actors.



CORONA SCHROEDER
One of the most beautiful and most gifted of the actresses associated with the early history of the Weimar Theatre

Under such inspiring leadership, dramatic art, not only in Weimar but throughout Germany, made great strides toward the perfection for which it is now noted. *"Genius is everlasting perseverance,"* Carlyle tells us. One can but wonder that the poet, except for his short absence in Italy, never wearied or flagged in his self-imposed task for twenty-six long years. Before the theatre was remodeled, in 1798, he visited all the principal opera houses in Germany, took measurements, consulted with the theatre's architects and spared no pains that the new building should combine every convenience with all possible luxury.

Although partly destroyed by fire on March 21, 1825, both stage and auditorium were restored in such a manner that, except for lighting, we see them today practically the same as when designed and built by Goethe, 107 years ago. The stage, though narrow compared to the more modern theatres, is of a splendid depth, making possible excellent and realistic effects in perspective. The auditorium was considered a marvel of elegance in those simple days, and the chandelier suspended from the ceiling such a novelty that at first it almost rivaled the stage in the interest it excited. The orchestra space occupied fully one-third of the tiny parterre which consisted of only twenty-eight rows of cane-bottomed seats. In the balcony on each side of the ducal box were some thirty or more upholstered chairs (these for the court people). Above was the much more spacious gallery, where the poorer people for prices ranging from ten cents to twenty cents, could obtain a somewhat fore-shortened view of the stage. In all, 900 people could be seated.

In this simple place, Goethe introduced Shakespeare to the German public; here he gave his own "Iphegenia," his "Hermann und Dorothea"; here Schiller in gentle pride beheld his "Marie Stuart," his "Jungfrau von Orleans" and his "Wallenstein."

The name of Caroline Jagemann seems to live as the most remarkable actress of this period. Though Goethe disliked her, he seems ever to have been appreciative of her great talents. In 1806 she was chosen by him as the proper representative of the Weimar stage and sent to Leipzig to take part in the play given before Napoleon I.

In those days, the salaries of actors were mere pittances. Goethe used all his influence to ameliorate this condition and even pensioned several old and deserving actors from his own private purse.

A few years after the death of Schiller, Goethe resigned his directorship. He had been deeply wounded by the ingratitude of "die Jagemann," who, as a favorite of the Grand Duke, dared make continual trouble in the theatre for him, knowing well that the poet was far too proud to complain of her behavior to his patron. However, in thus ending this phase of Goethe's activity, the naughty little beauty did the world a great service. From that day forth, he devoted himself to the poetic Muse, and "Faust" (destined to be the labor of twenty years), was soon after begun.

Again, eighteen years after Goethe had been laid to rest, Weimar enjoyed a second Golden Age—this time the lofty standard thus imposed being one of music rather than that of theatrical excellence, though the opera had indeed lain close to the heart of Charles Augustus. Franz Liszt came to live in Weimar and his home, No. 9 Marienstrasse, became the Mecca of all musicians. Not only a magician of the keys, Liszt, through a personal magnetism comparable only to that of Goethe, won to himself the hearts of all men.

GOETHE AND CORONA SCHROEDER
As Orestes and Iphegenia

In reading the life of Wagner, one can but be impressed with the enormous debt owed by Wagnerians to Liszt and to the Weimar Theatre. Until Liszt introduced Wagner's music to the Weimar public, it had found small success in Germany, while in Paris "Tannhäuser" had achieved the most historic of failures. Spohr, his kindest critic, wrote of it: "The opera 'Tannhäuser' contains much that is beautiful and new, but also many disagreeable attacks upon the ears." Yet shortly after this, Liszt had the courage and the kind-

ness, in answer to a pathetic appeal from Wagner, to arrange and carry through the staging and production in Weimar of the new opera, "Lohengrin."

Wagner wrote from Paris: "One day, brooding over my troubles, I came upon my almost forgotten score of 'Lohengrin.' I felt something like compassion that this music never should sound from off the pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt," etc.

Liszt's answer was that in spite of his doubts concerning the practical adaptability of the work, he had already begun preparations for a presentation of the opera. He wrote Wagner as follows:

"I have persuaded the management (of the Weimar Theatre) to spend the unheard-of sum of 2,000 thalers (about $1,200) on the coming occasion, a thing that has not been done within the memory of man. Two new violins have been added to the orchestra and a bass clarionet purchased."

When one thinks of the colossal sums spent at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, upon the staging and production of a Wagner opera, such as "Parsifal," these naïve preparations raise a smile. With Liszt as the conductor, the performance was given on the anniversary of Goethe's birthday, August 28, 1850, and so sympathetically and exquisitely was "Lohengrin" rendered in this, its initial production, that the unpopular Wagner, though far from leaping into popularity in a single night, was well pleased with the result. Undoubtedly from this occasion Wagner's cause received its first stimulus.

At the present day, one sees in the little Weimar Theatre no successor to Goethe, to Schiller or to Liszt, yet the high traditions which they established have ever been upheld. This is made amply possible through the generosity of the present Grand Duke, who yearly contributes $80,000 toward the expenses of the management. The Schiller cycle last Winter was a singularly beautiful series of plays. The whole company of actors seemed imbued with a fervor only comparable with that noticed in the peasant actors of Ober-Ammergau. The Weimar players form what in New York parlance would be termed an "all-star cast." The humblest "super" takes his part as ably and as earnestly as he or she of the title rôle. The costumes and scenery of a play are never used in giving another piece, but are stored carefully away until they are needed again. No play or opera is given more than five times a year, and many only once yearly, while "Faust" is presented only every second Winter.

Hall.

J. E. DODSON
As the Wandering Jew, in "The Prince of India"

A Shakespeare cycle is one of the regular features of the season. To hear for the first time one of Shakespeare's play given in the German language is an experience never to be forgotten. The sympathetic comprehension of the poet, who is the just pride of the Anglo-Saxon people, by these conscientious and intellectual actors of another race is moving to a degree, while the genius of the Bard of Avon shines like a star through all disguise of translation.

"Old Heidelberg," presented in the United States by Mansfield, also belongs especially to the Weimar stage. The prototype of "Karl Heinrich" was undoubtedly the father of the present Duke, a prince who did not live to assume the ducal coronet. In his youth, he attended Heidelberg University and for a short and happy period lived the life of other young men. He was then hastily summoned home by his father and the waters of the strictest court etiquette in Europe closed over his hopeless head.

Yet the play most truly Weimar's own, is the biannual performance of Schiller's "Die Räuber" (The Robbers), given for, and, later on, by the students of Jena University in honor of the poet, who for twelve years occupied the chair of History at that ancient seat of learning. Every Autumn the piece is presented with the best actors of the Weimar company in the cast. The entire parquette is filled with undergraduates of the University, who march from the railroad station in a body and enter the theatre, singing lustily. They wear the various colored "corps bands" and secret society caps, which mean so much to the German student, while upon their cheeks and foreheads are seen those still more important trophies, namely, the scars of sword cuts won in the dueling encounters which flourish now as in the days of old Duke Karl August.

EDITH ELTING PATTOU.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA

Scenes in the stage version of Gen Lew Wallace's novel

ACT V. After the storming of Constantinople
The Prince of India (J. E. Dodson): "Life! Life again! The centuries dead behind me, the centuries ever before me. Lord of Israel, how long?"

ACT III. In the Palace of Constantine
Sarah Truax as Princess Irene and Gerald Lawrence as Mirza
Mirza: "Your knight, then, if not your lover"

ACT IV. The tent of Mohammed before Constantinople
William Farnum as Mohammed and Brigham Royce as Abed-Din, the Moslem spy
Mohammed: "You have said what no man should know and live"

Photos by Hall

FRITZI SCHEFF IS AN ACCOMPLISHED PIANIST

Taking Afternoon Tea with Fritzi Scheff

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 47)

FRITZI SCHEFF'S daintier hands hover over dainty Sevres cups as white doves flit among flowers. They pause forgetfully in animated converse and flutter busily in moments of recollection. They descend swiftly upon spoon or lemon slice with quick, birdlike decision. But the resemblance does not end with the hands. It continues in the voice, sweet and sometimes abrupt, with marked staccatos. While she is serving tea in her apartments at the Hotel Netherlands the prima donna talks briskly, engagingly, yet not so absorbingly as to interfere with tea.

Fritzi Scheff in private life is the Baroness F. Von Bardeleben. Her husband is a young Austrian officer and the years of her earliest wifehood, spent in continental garrison towns, contributed in no small degree to the dashing figure that flits so dazzlingly through "Mlle. Modiste." Much of the military atmosphere in the piece, including the stirring business with the drum, where she makes so picturesque a figure, was undoubtedly suggested by the vivacious Fritzi herself.

The singer's native city is Vienna, but she confesses that she is beginning to feel as much at home here as in her mother country.

"When I go home," she said, "I say to my people, 'I love America,' and my friends who have never crossed the Atlantic are surprised and exclaim 'Why?' I have answered 'I love it'; is not that enough? You love a person. You do not know why. You love. That is all. One does not become analytical until one is old, is not that so? Enjoyment first, analysis afterwards. Yesterday the thought came to me, as thoughts come you do not know from whence: 'American women are the keynote of America.' I admire American women because they are like the women I knew first and best, the glorious Viennese. Yes, that is so. New York is more like Vienna than any city I know, and the New Yorkers more like the Viennese. They are light-hearted. They have the joy of life. Their women are all that women should be, chic and vivacious as the Parisiennes without the insincerity of the French capital. Some of my best friends are American women."

"The white hands paused in mid-air"

The white hands paused in mid-air at a question about American men. Did she miss the romantic element that other fair foreigners complained they had not found in the men of the United States? One of the poised hands stirred the tea in one of the Sevres cups and the owner replied:

"I think your men do not realize the treasures they have

in their own land. I admire American men, but they are too busy and preoccupied to be successful gallants. They are the busiest persons on earth. One multimillionaire told me he used to be an engineer. Another told me he once peddled mouse-traps. While they are making millions naturally they have little time to make compliments. And yet we women judge only by results. We like those men to whom we seem for the moment the one woman in the world. That is a great art and comes down only through generations of men who have had leisure to perfect it. And you know the American woman really enjoys homage as much as any of her foreign sisters. She may seem to lack sentiment, but that is only a pose."

The subject was changed with an order in a few birdlike tones in German, whereupon Johanna, the first maid—Fritzi Scheff has two—executed one or two deft movements and we were facing a phonograph. The singer laughed joyously as the lively strains of *Mamie O'Hooley* greeted us. "Encore!" she cried, and *Mamie O'Hooley* a second time gladdened the listeners in the apartment.

"Isn't it delicious? So funny." There were merry tears in her eyes. "Now, Johanna, the other favorite. Yes, yes," And we heard the rhythmical story of *A Picnic for Two.*

The healthy animal spirits that bubble, champagne-like, incessantly and which constitute much of Fritzi Scheff's magnetism showed in the frankness of her laugh, in the brightness of her glance, in the quick, birdlike movements of her every action. Her intense vitality, her good-natured petulance, her pretty self-will explained how formerly she was the spoiled child of the Opera, where they called her "the little devil." An inquiry about this brought forth a characteristic Fritzi Scheff toss of the head and a burst of the Fritzi Scheff laughter.

"Away back, as you Americans say, my name was originally Fredericka, but that was when my mother had designed me for a prima donna in grand opera. As I grew up,—I never really grew up very far,—my governess said I was the most impish child she had ever trained and so they shortened it to Fritzi. When I came to America and showed that I had a will of my own, someone at the Opera called me 'a little devil.' I had a lovely white kitten with a tail like the most beautiful white ostrich plume in the world. I called this erratic little creature Frisky, and a friend said the name fitted me better than it did my pet. Names spread, by a kind of wireless system of telepathy. So 'Frisky' passed from lip to lip and now they call me 'Frisky' so persistently that I will never live it down. It will appear in my obituary even if that is sixty years from now and they have to call me 'Grandma Frisky.'

"But really, there is nothing unusual in me. Women are accustomed to have their own way, particularly in America. You were brought up on Aesop's fables as I was, perhaps? Then do you remember that of the donkey and the dog? The donkey, watching his master caress the lap dog determined to do what the lap dog did and so win his master's caresses. The next time he saw his master he noticed that the lap dog ran and placed his forepaws on his master's knees. So the first time his master came into the stable the donkey sprang up and brought his knees down upon the man's knees. His master howled with pain and cursed the donkey, so the moral is 'What one person may do becomingly another may not.' You must follow the law of your being. If it is natural for a woman to be pert it will be becoming. If it is not natural she will only seem silly. The mouselike woman should cultivate gentleness, not chic."

Fritzi Scheff speaks our language fluently and is quite an adept in American slang.

"American slang is so expressive," she said. "Now, Henry Blossom's clever line in 'Mlle. Modiste' when the man kisses the milliner on the forehead and apologizes and she replies 'I'll have to call you down!' at which he kisses her on the lips,—how

SHE IS ALMOST DAILY THE RECIPIENT OF BEAUTIFUL FLORAL PIECES

could she have pretended to be angry with him and yet hinted to him to kiss her again in so few words in any other language? 'Make up' means so much and is so terse and I have invented another phrase which means the opposite. If putting on powder and rouge is 'making up' is not taking off the powder and rouge 'making down'? I have an ear for language, as some have an ear for music, and I know that there is not another language in the world so picturesque as American slang. Your George Ade is inimitable. I have read every line he has written. And Mark Twain I know almost by heart."

Is it because Miss Scheff studies our humorists that in her rapid, birdlike talk we sometimes catch such phrases as "O you do be good" and "feet-lights"? Yet in her three years in America she has become lingually as in many other respects laudably American.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "there was a word 'International' that I read on the wagons and in railroad guides and newspapers, always with the emotion I feel at seeing an old friend. I saw it when I went walking with my governess. It was painted in white letters on a red shed. The word was huge and imposing, nearly covering the side of the little shed. I asked Fraulein what it meant, but she shook her head stolidly and said she did not know, and ever after the word fascinated me. First, and for many years, it held the powerful fascination of mystery. Then it held the almost equal fascination of illumination. When I came to know what it meant it seemed to me a tremendous word, a thousands times stronger than the weak 'cosmopolitan.' And I wanted to realize it. I wanted to be an international traveller, an international artiste."

Some congratulations on her realization of the fullness of the descriptive and we drifted backward, and backward, though not relatively far, for Fritzi Scheff is only twenty-five, to the days of her babyhood in Vienna. She is the daughter of Dr. Scheff and Mme. Anna Scheff. Her father was an Austrian physician and scientist, her mother a prima donna who sang Wagnerian rôles in the Grand Opera House at Frankfort.

The earliest authentic story of the young woman is that at the age of five months she sat on top of the piano while her mother practiced, and took the same notes, always in harmony. That augured, her mother believed, that she too would become a prima donna. Another augury was derived from the fact that when five years old she was a member of a choir in Vienna, and when the precentor corrected her phrasing she picked up the small stool on which she sat and left the church. But counter to this runs the legend that she loathed practicing as much as other children who have not bird notes in their throats. Evidence of this was the fact that her stern piano teacher kept her at her task by tieing her brown pig tails fast to the high back of the piano stool.

Otto Sarony Co.
FRITZI SCHEFF AS THE DRUMMER IN "MLLE. MODISTE"

But in due time, when her German governess had given way to a French one, and she again to an Italian music master, and when she had taken prizes in her dancing and fencing classes, and had studied under great masters at Dresden and Frankfort, when, in fact, she was a most thoroughly and rigorously educated girl after the best European models, she had become resigned to daily practice, and was quite content to sing as her mother sang, for the delight of audiences. She made her début at the Hof at Frankfort, singing Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" when she was eighteen. She appeared at the Royal Opera House in Munich as Marguerite in "Faust," Musette in "La Bohême," Nedda in "Pagliacci." She has sung important rôles in other operas. She sang at Covent Garden, in London, and while there was commanded to sing in "La Bohême" at Windsor Castle. Queen Victoria, pleased with the Austrian girl's Musette, presented her a bracelet of turquoises and diamonds. Three years ago she came to New York and sang the rôles with which she was identified at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her abandonment of grand opera for musical comedy was due to her physique forbidding Sembrich rôles, and her exuberant qualities having a wider range in comedy.

Her day begins at ten o'clock. From that time until one she is not visible to anyone. Her light breakfast over, her correspondence disposed of, she gives herself into the hands of her maids, and to these hours of invariable invisibility to a gaping world, together with her youth and her unfailing task, is due the fact that there is no more perfectly groomed woman in New York. ADA PATTERSON.

From a photograph

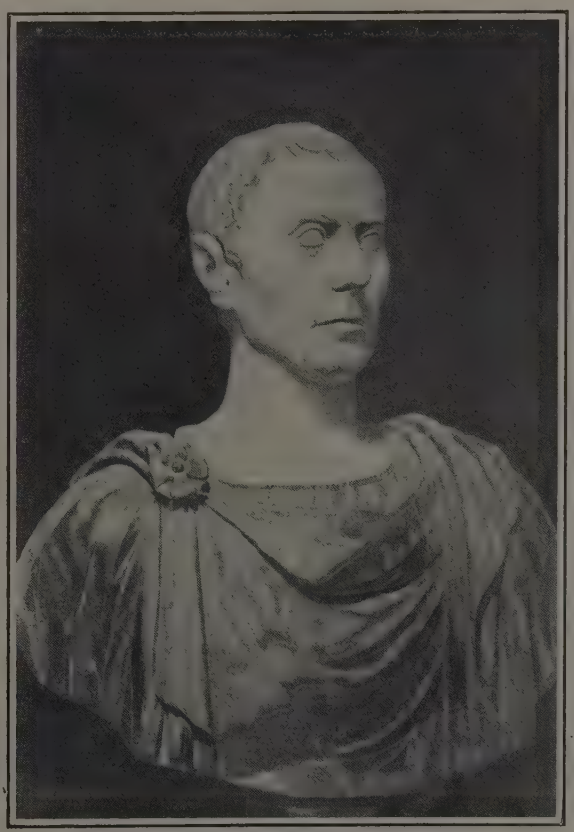
RUINS OF THE FORUM AT ROME AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY

Where Shakespeare Set His Stage

*No. 7. JULIUS CÆSAR

SOMEWHAT more than 2,000 years ago was born one whose fame as a great general has never been dimmed by time, who still ranks as the greatest soldier in history, for it was decreed that, unlike the more modern hero Napoleon, whose admirers were wont to compare him with the hero of ancient Rome, Julius Cæsar should die at the very height of his career, before unsuccessful campaigns or final defeat should conspire to rob him of his laurels.

And yet, despite the centuries that have elapsed since the great Roman walked this earth, it is not difficult to find many traces of almost personal association with him in the wonderful city on the Tiber. One may even see his presentment in marble. In the Hall of the Emperors, in the Capitoline Museum of Rome, among later emperors, stands the bust of Julius Cæsar, nor does there seem any reason to doubt its authenticity. Calm, implacable, but noble, without the degeneracy and sensuality faithfully portrayed in the marble images of some of his successors, it surveys one with its century-old gaze, indifferent to the flight of time, the tremendous changes which modern civilization has brought about. We know the character of Julius Cæsar almost as though he were of our own time; he was affable and generous, winning the people by his gracious manner, as well as by the gorgeous spectacles he furnished for their amusement, running heavily in debt for the purpose. A general, a statesman, an author whose works have survived to vex countless generations of school children, absolutely devoid of fear, confident in himself, scorning deceit—thus he is known to have been, and thus Shakespeare portrays him. He lacked the prevalent superstition of the times, which, had he possessed it to a great degree, might have saved his life, and changed history.



AUTHENTIC BUST OF JULIUS CÆSAR
In the Capitoline Museum of Rome

Many were the changes and improvements which he effected in the ancient city of Rome, many the buildings renovated or newly erected. In the present Via del Teatro di Marcello may be seen the ruins of the theatre commenced by him, and finished by his nephew, Augustus. The stage ran parallel to the Tiber, and the building accommodated between three and four thousand people. Of the Forum laid out by Julius Cæsar nothing remains save a few huge blocks of stone in a dingy side street, but in the old Forum many traces of him may still be found. The ruins of the Basilica Julia, built by him for a law court or exchange, and with fragments of marble tiles marked out for games still visible, is prominent among the other ruins of this tract of land, where centres so much of interest to the student of antiquity. In the illustration they are the low, broad ruins at the left, near the three columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux. The eight columns belonged to the temple of Saturn, perfect in those days, and before the door of which the tribune Metellus flung himself to defend its treasure from Cæsar. The Phocas column, seen almost in the centre of the illustration, did not exist in Julius Cæsar's day. Close to the ruins of the temple of

*Other articles in this series have described the localities of "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Vesta, seen in the left foreground, are ruins of the actual house in which he lived, and from which he set forth on the day of his death. The Mamertine prison, near the Forum on the opposite side, now one of the sights of Rome, probably served to imprison his enemy Vercingetorix until his execution, since we know that this building was *repaired* A. D. 22.

The opening scenes of Shakespeare's tragedy of Julius Cæsar, laid in a street and a public place, which latter Cæsar crosses on his way to his home, should doubtless be placed in the Forum. Possibly the offering of the crown thrice, which occurred about the middle of February, 44 B. C., on the occasion of a festival sacred to the great god Pan, called Luprecalia, and that year held in honor of Cæsar, of which Casca tells Brutus in the first scene, may have taken place on the Capitoline Hill nearby.

Brutus's orchard, the scene of the second act, is believed by many to have been on the Aventine Hill, near the temple of Diana, now occupied by the convent of St. Prisca. Here were the gardens of Servilia, here she received Julius Cæsar, and here it is said that Brutus plotted the murder. Nor does "orchard," the word used by Shakespeare, conflict with this, for orchard and garden are often used by him as synonyms, Juliet's garden being twice called orchard in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." It occurs also in other plays.

Otto Sarony Co.

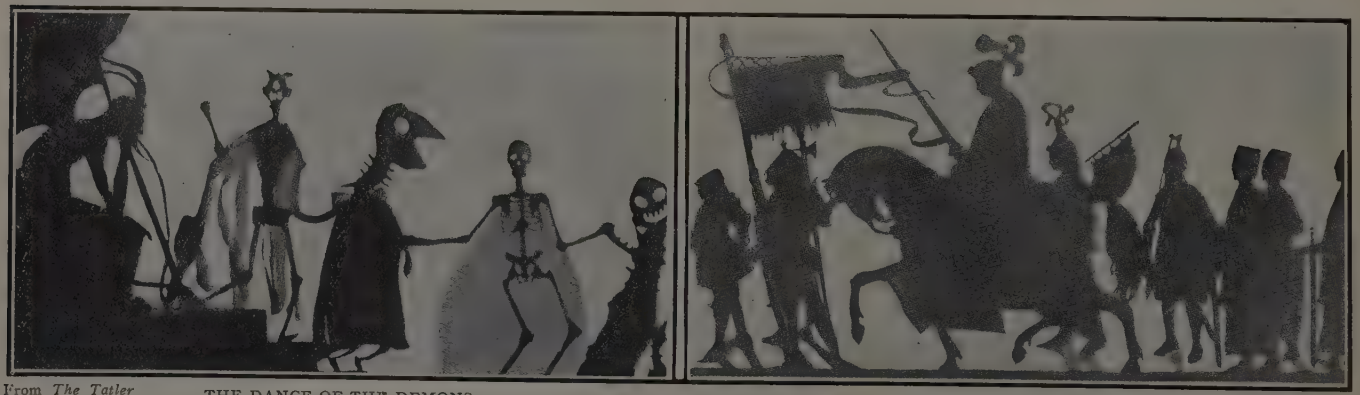
WILLIAM H. CRANE
In "The American Lord"

Few would perhaps associate the Capitol and open place before it, modern for Rome, since it was reconstructed by Michelangelo and Rainaldi, with these scenes of the first century B. C., yet the present building, the Palace of the Senate, is built on the old foundations of the ancient Tabularium, the Public Record office. Huge blocks supporting a Doric colonnade, all that remain of this structure, may be seen in the extreme background of the view of the Forum, above its level. From the place before the Capitol then, as now, a stairway descended to the Forum.

The meeting-place of the Senate in Cæsar's time was in a building on whose site now stands the church of St. Adrien, on the extreme right of the Forum, not pictured in the illustration. In the brick façade of this church may be distinguished, nine feet below the entrance of the church, that of the old building, which building is quite generally called the Curia Julia, and is said to have been erected by Julius Cæsar to replace a similar edifice of the republic, and here Cæsar was murdered. The declaration that he was murdered in Pompey's Senate or Theatre can be but a confusion as to the actual builder of the Senate Hall, since authorities agree that the church now marks the site of the scene of the murder. Shakespeare alludes to it as "Pompey's Theatre," and in Act I, Scene III, makes the conspirators choose it as their meeting-place. Cassius says: "All this done, repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us there"; and later, "That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre." Cæsar is said to have fallen at the foot of Pompey's statue, and this statue is now shown in a hall on the first floor of the Palazzo Spada de la Regola, a dark spot, probably a flaw in the marble, even being pointed out as the stain left by the murdered man's blood! In the church of St. Adrien a star beneath the cupola is supposed to mark the exact spot where he fell on March 15, A. U. C. 709, or 44 B. C.

Even the scene of Mark Antony's famous harangue is known. Not far from the Senate Cæsar had constructed a new tribune for orators. Here, after the murder, a funeral pile was hastily erected, and here Mark Antony delivered the speech which we like to think of in the words of Shakespeare: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" The gardens, "all his walks, his private arbors, and new planted orchards on this side Tyber," bequeathed by Cæsar to the Roman people, are believed to have extended to the foot of the Janiculum, on the *other* side of the river, but the mistake is not Shakespeare's, for an old translation of Plutarch was responsible; in any case their exact location is not known. On the site of Cæsar's rostrum, close to the temple of Castor and Pollux, Augustus built a temple to his uncle's memory, and it was consecrated August 18, 29 B. C., but in 1547 the ruins were sold to stone cutters and burnt into lime, so that few fragments now remain. However, in 1898, a niche, which had been concealed by a subsequently built wall, was discovered.

ELISE LATHROP.



From *The Tatler*

THE DANCE OF THE DEMONS

A FESTIVAL OF THE DRUIDS

Two of the tableaux in the gallantee show which will be one of the novelties of the season in London. When exhibited some years ago in Paris at the famous Chat Noir, they created an artistic sensation. Each is a drama with a complete action performed by figures in silhouette thrown in shadow on a white screen. From small shadows the figures are enlarged to half life size. After their turn is over they become smaller again and finally vanish from the screen. When thrown on the screen the figures are perfect in detail, grouping and color

How Sardou Writes His Plays

At the advanced age of 75—a time of life when most men are already thinking of another world—Victorien Sardou has written a new play. It is a drama entitled "La Piste," and deals, as usual, with an unhappy marriage. It was produced at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris, on Feb. 15 last with Mme. Réjane in the leading rôle. It is impossible to enumerate here all the plays which Sardou—the most remarkable dramatist of his time—has already given to the public. They number nearly sixty dramas, comedies and librettos, and his most important pieces have been translated into all the principal languages. It is interesting to know the methods of work of such a prolific and world-famous author, and in the following article M. Sardou lets us into the secrets of his literary workshop:

Reutlinger

VICTORIEN SARDOU AT SEVENTY-FIVE

THE general idea once found, or rather the principal situation conceived—for, on the stage, the whole idea must always be incarnate in a single big situation around which everything else revolves—I begin to collect material. This material is in the form of little slips of paper, which, added to day after day, week after week, and month after month, becomes the *dossier* or docket. Each little slip of paper is covered with hieroglyphics to which I hold the key. Sometimes they take an entire year to accumulate; but, always, there comes the day when they take on the form of life, so to speak, when the material is sufficient, and the play, therefore, is begun.

But even then it is only the play in embryo. The idea is there, the development also, but there is yet to be determined the time, the epoch, what personages best fit the idea, and what costumes. These are not in the *dossier;* the heroes are yet nameless. A, B, C, perhaps, represent the woman, the husband, and the lover; and from these three have evolved the capital situation, the situation which is the heart, the core of the intrigue. My first thought of a play always comes in this way. Afterwards, I search the causes which produce such a situation, and deduce the inevitable results. It is only after this third process that I find the names and the costumes for my characters, the country, and the time most likely to produce such a situation. By such a process my play "Patrie" burst from its chrysalis; "Rabagas" also. This latter piece, which made such a sensation, was, in my first conception, a comedy of manners in five acts which I called "Les Ambitieux." That play could be presented in ordinary dress, with France for its country and the time the present as with "La Camaraderie"; or it could be played in costume, placed in a foreign country, and at a distant date, like "Bertrand et Raton."

I have no doubt that my method of proceeding with a play is distinctly my own. I know that my colleagues generally begin where I leave off. They take the shortest road—from A to Z. I go from Z to A. It is the same thing, only that the method is reversed.

I find that my first idea is never altered by the development, for human truth is independent of names, costumes, and epochs; or, rather, notwithstanding epochs, costumes, and names, the truth remains.

Take Shakespeare, for example: there is not one of his plays, except those in which fairies are the dramatis personæ, which could not be played in ordinary dress and in modern times—for instance, a young man returns home from abroad; he finds his mother married to another man; this second husband proves to be the murderer of his father. That is Hamlet. Is the story less tragic because modern? And the artifices employed by the poet for diverting the suspicion of the son—leaving out the Ghost scene—could be laid as well in Paris as at Elsinore. The annals of the criminal courts furnish plenty of Othellos; and surely that terrible passion of jealousy is as interesting when its victim is a man of our time and civilization as when he is a Moor. Iago can easily be found in the midst of our everyday life and he wears, doubtless, a black moustache. Nor is he less sinister or less repugnant than of old. Again, does King Lear inspire more sympathetic pity than Balzac's "Father Goriot"? I could keep on multiplying examples if more were needed.

As to my early work: "La Taverne" was my first play produced, but not my first attempt. The first piece I ever wrote was a comedy in two acts written in verse. The verse, in the dramatic art, is the savage period. Nations begin their life with verse; so do embryo authors. This play was called "Les Amis Imaginaires." It was classic in form and contained the first idea of "Nos Intimes." It was written in 1850. I gave the manuscript to Mme. Ancelot, to whom I had been introduced by a naturalist named Paul Guaimard, the man who accompanied Dumont d'Urville on his expedition in search of Lapérouse. He took me to the house of Mme. Ancelot, and, afterward, to the home of Mme. Eugenie Foa,—two families which in those days marked the very antipodes of Parisian society. Mme. Foa lived in the Place Gaillon, and her drawing-room was the resort of the more sober bohemians and famous authors. But although Mme. Foa attracted very distinguished people, her literary evenings were not very gay, for all the women were old and ugly. It was there I met Du Failly, an eccentric character who wrote for *L'Illustration*, and who died, it is said, of love for Empress Eugenie. It seems that he had known the Empress when she was Mlle. de Montijo and he imagined that his passion was returned. When she became the wife of Napoleon III., the poor devil said, "It is an affair of state, but she loves me still." And he followed her everywhere. Indeed, his infatuation ended only with his death.

But to go back to "Les Amis Imaginaires," the manuscript finally found a resting place in the archives of the Théâtre Français, and it probably could be found there to-day, if anyone took the trouble to look, only it would be a pity to disturb its slumber of over half a century.

Even then, however, I did not lose hope, and bravely began "La Reine Ulfra," a Swedish tragedy in five acts. The piece had this much originality: the characters all spoke in verse of different measure,—the princes declaimed in Alexandrines, the lords spouted in verse of six or eight feet, the common people in

simple rhyme. The play was a medley of the barbaric, the classic, and the romantic, and to this I added the decorative quality of Shakespeare.

I sent the manuscript to Rachel, and she replied that she preferred the Greeks to the Swedes. But I did not begin a Greek play. Before long, I was deep in a gigantic work upon the Reformation. It was a trilogy, with prologue, epilogue, and mesologues. It was my own invention; but, after having perpetrated twenty thousand verses, I said to myself that no human life would be long enough to finish it. After that I began the "Taverne," which found favor in the eyes of the directors of the Odéon, but not in those of the public. Ah, that was a disappointment which makes my ears tingle still!

I was sad, even almost angry, but, as Sarah Bernhardt says, I am a "nervous patient," so immediately I was at work upon a comedy in three acts and in verse, called "Pirouette," a fantasy after Alfred de Musset. However, it never went beyond my own hands. Next came "Fleur de Laine," a drama in five acts, the style of the Ambigu Comique; then "Bossu"; and so I came to "Paris à l'Envers." After the reception of this piece I began to doubt the truth of the saying: "Knock and it shall be opened to you," when lo, the door did open, the door of Déjazet!

You know how I made a conquest of Frétillon, who tried to persuade the Cogniard brothers to take my one-act play "Candide." But it was Déjazet who proved my real salvation. Old Vanderbuch had sent her a melodrama.

"There is in it," she said to me, "a young Figaro, but he is impossible. If you can make him possible, I will play it."

"But," I replied gallantly, "I see in you more of a young cherub than a Figaro."

"Never mind," she replied, "will you write it?"

"Yes, on condition that I rewrite it entirely, that it is all my own."

"Very well, then it is done."

And so it was. In a few weeks I had well on foot the "Premières Armes de Figaro."

Déjazet read the piece to the Cogniard brothers, but they made the same faces as they had at "Candide."

"What!" exclaimed Déjazet to them, "you refuse this boy's play? Well, wait! Some day he will refuse you a play. But never mind. I will take a theatre myself."

And that was the beginning of the famous Théâtre Déjazet. It opened with the "Premières Armes de Figaro." Ah, what a night that was! Déjazet, who was not always sure of her memory, did not wish to trust herself to her old prompter.

"You take his place," she said, "and do not allow me to pass over one syllable."

So there, in my prompter's box, I realized my first triumph, and I will not say that it was not the sweetest of all."

In all my plays, woman has almost always the finest rôle, and she usually possesses the qualities I admire most in women—common sense, tenderness, and devotion. I say nothing about my young girls, but they form a collection of which I am proud. With the exception of one or two Americans and the Benoitons, one would marry them all, and that is not the least compliment one could pay them.

I do not know how my colleagues conceive their dramatic ideas, but with me the process never varies. My ideas for plays appear in the form of philosophical problems, of which I seek the solution. For example, in "Patrie," the problem was: "What is the greatest sacrifice a man will make for love of his country?" In my other play "La Haine," the problem was: "Under what circumstances will a woman's natural goodness of heart show itself in a striking way?" After great difficulty I found this solution: "When, victim of an outrage worse than death, she will feel for the man who wronged her such a feeling of pity that she is impelled to flee to his help."

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Translated by GEORGE FRASER.

Photo Byron

Adele Ritchie

THE MANICURING ESTABLISHMENT SCENE IN "THE SOCIAL WHIRL" AT THE CASINO

CURTAIN CALLS AND SPEECHES

AMONG the many innovations made on the stage of recent times is that of raising the curtain expressly to permit a player to acknowledge plaudits.

It used to be the custom for the player honored with approbation sufficient to warrant distinction to go before the curtain and make a bow of thanks; and it required considerable personal assurance to decide if it were warranted. The custom of curtain calls became much abused, especially when they were regarded as a foregone conclusion, and who should and who should not take them were usually set down in contracts.

Like all correlatives of egotism, applause panders to vanity in the player; while to the unartistic manager it fixes a player's value as a piece of commercial property. Applause is rarely spontaneous. When it is, it usually indicates an achieved point, but not always. Under the present régime the admission ticket virtually reads: "$2 with as much applause as you can possibly bestow, and a call for a speech if there be the remotest chance therefor."

At the end of the act the curtain is raised upon a scene that has been concluded, the canvas picture of which the audience is done with; and the player takes the centre of the stage and holds a hand-pattering reception to which the entire audience do not invite themselves. If the audience chance to be in a particularly frolicsome humor this reception is prolonged, and three or four cries of "Speech!" go up; whereupon the player walks down to the footlights and proceeds with that most dearly desired of all stunts—villainous extemporizing.

It is understood, of course, that the manager's idea of the size of the capitals wherewith he can spell S-u-c-c-e-s-s for the production depends upon curtain calls and speeches, no matter how harrowing the spectacle of imbecile embarrassment.

It will be far enough if we retrace to the time of Forrest, Cushman, Davenport, Barry Sullivan and Fechter for cumulative precedents. Players in their day held the curtain in reverence. That was due to the invisible, but inevitable, line of demarcation dividing the player from the people. It forbade the familiarity of stage and audience that obtains to-day, when society and player-folk have gotten onto a footing of fellowship which is very enjoyable in many ways, no doubt, but inclines to undesirable ulteriors.

Whenever sociability inclines a player to jest with an audience it inclines that player to relinquish the gravity of the Art responsibilities of his profession. A principle of Art is involved which takes us back to the very decorous, dignified manner wherewith Forrest, Cushman, Davenport, Sullivan and Fechter walked before the curtain after the applause continued so unabatedly as to leave no doubt relative to the wishes of the audience. They made stately bows of acknowledgment which said pantomimically: "I am your very humble, grateful servant." They did not repeat that appearance unless the audience arose and tumultuously demanded it; and then with a reluctance that had sincere modesty about it as manifest as the earnestness of the audience.

As for a speech in those days! Such a thing was unheard of. Occasionally: "I thank you." But anything beyond this would have had the same effect the present writer once witnessed when Edward L. Davenport, after dining heavily, and at a time when the press was carrying most exasperating cartoons of his daughter Fanny and the late Mr. Daly, came before the curtain and became very maudlin and irrelevant. He was unceremoniously pulled in behind by his dumbfounded comrades, who told me afterward that they expected nothing but the riot-call to result from "Ned's postprandial."

Edward Eddy commented upon an Albany stock actor's indulgence in "a few words before the curtain" one night on the occasion of his benefit by saying:

"You must be a great favorite here in Albany?"

"Why do you say that, Mr. Eddy?"

"Because, if you weren't, they would have pulled up the benches and hurled them at you, as they should have done!"

Players were just as grateful in Forrest's, Cushman's, Davenport's, Sullivan's and Fechter's day as they are now. We will not say they were any more artistic; although that is debatable. But they held their Art more reverentially than it is held nowadays; not alone in regard to imbecile speechmaking, but for curtain-rushing propensities, text-gagging, faking lines, and other insidious devices to absorb the limelight.

If the public were not more tolerant to-day than it used to be some very eminent stars would be openly rebuked for presump-

Otto Sarony Co.

GRACE GEORGE
In her new comedy by Rupert Hughes, entitled "The Richest Girl in the World"

tuous arrogation of privileges which are not set down in the gospel of Art, nor listed among the unostentatious graces of player-folk.

One of the most delicate evidences of the true artist was the hesitation with which Irving took a call. And when he took it, unaffected gratitude beamed in his eye. True, he took to speechifying; but with a scholar's rhetoric and a student's brevity he yielded to the American demand that he break off his concentration of mind. He didn't object to stepping out of his rôle. But he did mind being distracted from continuity of thought whereby he accomplished his great characterizations.

Mr. Willard comes into view for a moment, smiles, inclines his head and vanishes. He exercises an intelligent appreciation of the significance of the fervor that makes acknowledgment a duty. But he doesn't "die over again," as old man Kirby did, to get another "hand."

Mrs. Carter takes a curtain with a surprised air that is surely well simulated; a sort of emergency motif of her professional discipline. Very effective and unusual.

Mr. Belasco himself has the get-ready inspiration for a vociferous outburst. He is a very modest man, cracking the thin ice over his gratitude and saying nice things neatly and as if he meant them, which doubtless he does. At any rate he ought to feel them.

Mr. Mansfield takes a curtain as an inalienable right belonging to him, a just part of his income, because he always gives his best for the best results. He enjoys the call the more if it arrives on time. We may like his before-the-curtain manner, or we may dislike it. But we call, and he comes to receive the laurel of noise for the always best executed work of which he is capable. Mansfield is no shirker. He tolerates no over-the-footlights familiarity. His is more of the Forrest-Cushman-Davenport gravity, plus exceptional austerity purely Mansfieldian.

ETIENNE GIRARDOT
The originator of the title rôle in "Charley's Aunt"

Viola Allen, Maxine Elliott, Ethel Barrymore, Blanche Bates, in fact most women players who star, smother their confusion in taking a curtain by some "aside" to others on the stage, a laugh thrown in, and a sort of thinking-of-something-else air as well worn as they know how. Whereas May Irwin looks when she responds to an encore as if she were saying: "It's bully good of you, anyway!"

We never hear Frank Daniels comedify the audience with one of those "just add hot water and serve" speeches of his that we do not want to ask him if he remembers that John Gilbert and William Warren were content to say: "I thank you."

There are very many things about the old play days that one is as glad to forget, but one must admit that the brevity of curtain speeches that were literally wrung out of players in the old days was a virtue one misses very much to-day. In those days they didn't have it prearranged for the curtain-pole to be shaken to keep up the zeal of enthusiasm lest the call miss fire. The modern strain of commercialism has faults as well as virtues. True, the theatre of the past lacked the business management of the playhouse of to-day; but it practiced none of the sly trickeries which vault stars up from the chorus line with a whirlwind of forced curtain calls, of which tally is kept by the manager as a stevedore keeps tabs on his longshoremen. Nor did the old-time theatre shut off Art and distract auditors to indulge players in the unprofessional pastime of poorly expressing their inane personal opinions.

And what can be said—even in pitying apology—for the writers of plays, who, with an assurance that is explanatory of the quality of their product, make it a point to be within call if there be one voice that pipes "Author!" W. S. Gilbert made it a point to be absent from the theatre on the first night of one of his pieces. That brands him a man of genuine modesty, and attests

Byron Etienne Girardot The interrupted supper
REVIVAL OF THE FAMOUS FARCE, "CHARLEY'S AUNT," AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

From *La Revue Theatrale*

MR. LAMY AS HIMSELF — AS NARCISSE WHEN HUNTING FOR A JOB — AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS SOCIAL SUCCESS

All Paris recently has been laughing at M. Charles Lamy who is seen above as he appears in his amusing two-act comedy, "Narcisse." The idea of the piece is certainly original. Narcisse is so hideously ugly that he is unable to find employment. "You look too much like an ape," they tell him. "Become a real ape and exhibit yourself," suggests another, and in his new Simian character Narcisse is at once taken up by society. Fashionable women invite him to their afternoon teas, and he is petted and courted in every way until the ape finds that he is, after all, the "lion" of the season

the genius wherewith he has so trenchantly punctuated Mother English.

There are so few playwrights nowadays whose names really enhance the value of a production that it would be wholesomely modest if they not only withheld their presence, but their names as well, until public distillation sealed the fate of their work. But the vanity of seeing their names on a three-sheet they can't resist. And the curtain call for the author is such an allurement that they never pause to wonder if it be a guy.

Contrasted with the ultra-bold is the abashed, shaking author who is terrorized into literal idiocy on hearing a call for himself; and totters forth to lurch, choke, falter, stammer, blush and flounder back out of sight, a species of torture undergone with the courage that goes to the stake for slow grilling.

It all emanates from vanity; not from artistic sensibility. The present writer well remembers a unique example of it. Poor Georgia Cayvan and he were childish playmates. When she began to give platform recitations she walked into Loring's bookstore (corner of Washington and Bromfield streets) one day with a bundle of cabinet photos of herself and asked Mr. Loring to hang them on the wires in the window with the celebrities and put a selling price on them. He did, and they sold. That was pardonable vanity in the little Cayvan girl. The Cayvan woman would none of it.

Love of self becomes a mania with some players, love of applause, curtain calls, featured type, striking portraits, every contrivance inclining to popularity to be grabbed, not earned.

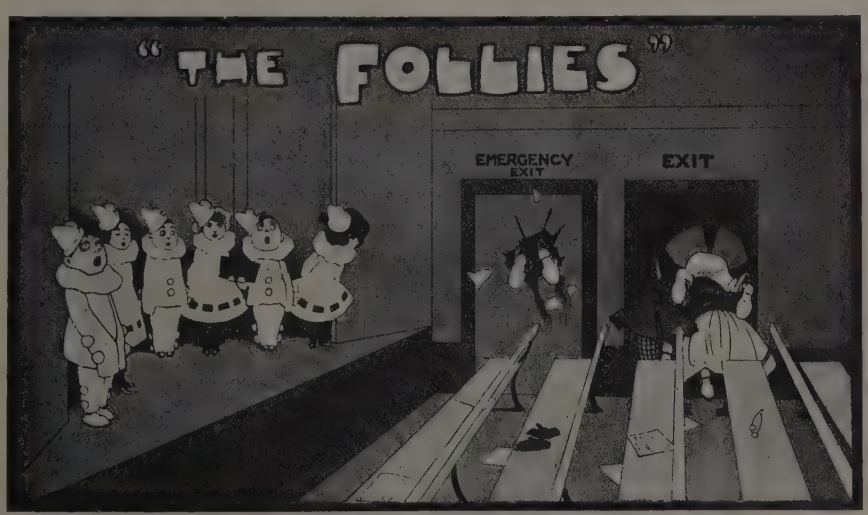
When a curtain has been lowered on a scene it should never be raised—certainly not for the purpose of giving a background picture to a bowing, smiling, loquacious player. Artistically, it is a violation of taste. The curtain is purely an artistic functionary, an auxiliary to artistic ends only. There is no excuse for its being made accessory to personal ends. Technically the curtain is the play's surplice; an appurtenance the utilities of which are as definite as the walls, the floor, the ceiling. It is not, and should not be made, a serving flunky for the ambitions of individual players.

The present generation of players make a very great mistake if they willingly secede from the veneration entertained for the precincts and province of the curtain in the Forrest-Cushman-Davenport days, and our players would do well if they would try to revive respect for its identification with their Art. It is because our actors have lost sight of the history of the curtain that they permit it run up and down at every behest, and, at times, at the angry command of disgruntled stars who are permitted to dominate it. Such power is usurpation of the rights of the audience, which alone has legitimate command of the movements of the curtain because it is an artistic adjunct, and their rights have been established at the box office. It looks as if the inalienable rights of an audience are fast degenerating into subservience to the palpitating hearts of smirking hit-makers "behind."

Equally incongruous is the notion prevalent among players that when "taking a curtain" the rôle should be maintained. How was that idea bred? The audience doesn't applaud the character, but the player's rendition of it. Hence it is the player they greet. One should be just as natural as he knows how. Don't worry about what will become of the rôle. If the audience had intelligence enough to associate the player with it in the first place, it will have enough intelligence left to identify him in it again if the acting is equally good. This is a new-fangled notion in these times for which I think Mr. Mansfield largely responsible because of the horde of imitators he has of his traits of discipline. But Edwin Booth inclined to keep up the illusion, and ofttimes appeared highly ridiculous thereby. James O'Neill preserves Monte Cristo poses and they tend to the absurd. John McCullough used to try to remain the noble Roman, and so did Barrett and Haworth, and it was stilted and affected and emphasized the actor part of it all.

Surely no player is going to confess his inaptitude to Art by claiming that it is detrimental to step out of his rôle to take a curtain. If so, how about receiving visitors in the

(*Continued on page vi.*)



From *The Tatler*

THE MOST AMUSING THEATRICAL POSTER IN LONDON

Safonoff's Impressions of Music in America

Wassili Safonoff, the famous Russian musical director, who had remarkable success in New York this past season, as the visiting conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, has been engaged by that celebrated musical organization as permanent director for three years. M. Safonoff, who is now the lion of the musical season in London, has written for the THEATRE MAGAZINE his impressions of the development of the musical art in America, and his article follows herewith:

AN American newspaper speaking about my recent sojourn in New York said that "Safonoff astonished his friends by his capacity to be entertained," and the article went on to give a somewhat fantastic account of how I was bombarded with "luncheons, afternoon teas, dinner parties, theatres, suppers, and even early breakfasts as continuation of suppers, etc.

In reply, I may say that if my American friends were surprised at my strength of resistance, I am not less charmed and touched by America's hospitality, which is liberal to an extent little known on the Continent, with the exception, perhaps, of Russian, and especially Muscovite, hospitality. There is nothing astonishing in this resemblance, for there are many features in common between the two countries, which are both vast in extent, possess the same enormous prairies, the same majestic mountains, the same stately rivers, and have every climate from the arctic to the tropical. There is only one great difference—the free access of your country to the two oceans, and of this, alas! my dear country is deprived. We will await patiently the solution of the problem of free aërial flight, which will re-level the face of the earth and bring about the formation of new constellations of people for the prosperity of the human race.

Marceau

WASSILI SAFONOFF

But here I am, far from my own field, soaring in the regions of social and political harmony, whereas the object of these lines is only to chat with you on purely musical topics.

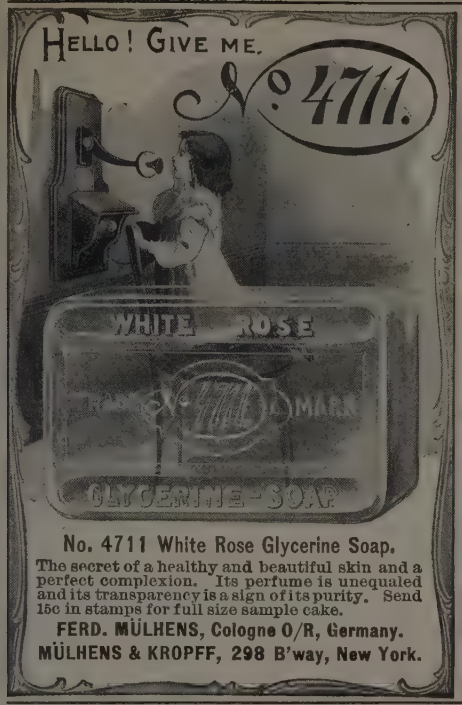
One thing I have certainly learned in America. I have learned that we of the Old World are pretty badly informed of what is going on in the New World. We believe Europe to be the great musical centre for the entire world, and with truth, for the musical art of Europe has produced fruits which all the peoples of the universe enjoy, to the glory of our great masters of the past and present, deriving from this source the consolation and strength of their souls. Your musical art in America is young, like your country. It has not yet been developed in new and original ways, for at present the genius of your people has been essentially directed to the practical side of life. But the material necessary for this development is there. It is accumulating rapidly and only time is needed to produce native American music of high significance. During my stay in America this past season, I had the opportunity to become better acquainted with your native melodies, which have an exquisite freshness. There is nothing to indicate that this valuable material will be allowed to remain uncultivated. Attempts have already been made in this direction, at present in a style, perhaps, not quite independent enough, but a nation like yours, which contains so many resources in itself, will not tarry in producing in the field of Art an amalgamated creator whose force and significance will have much more importance for the soul of your country than all your amalgamateds of Wall Street.

The impression that I received when listening to several of your young musicians who did me the honor to ask my opinion of their work was most favorable. I see that music is studied in your country with much devotion and sincerity. I had the pleasure of meeting among these American musicians two or three who possess truly remarkable talent.

As to your public, I owe it a debt of the most profound gratitude. It is a public of charming spontaneousness and freshness of impression. I have lived at Carnegie Hall the most pleasurable moments that an artist can feel in his life, moments when he feels he is speaking to his audience heart to heart and being understood, appreciated—and let me say it without false modesty—loved. The absolute confidence with which the splendid Philharmonic Orchestra has honored me during three consecutive seasons was the principal cause of our mutual success, and it is with cordial gratitude for this courageous and worthy organization that I shall always think of the hours spent with them in interpreting the works of the great masters.

I have been asked for my opinion of the standard of musical criticism in America. That is a rather delicate question, for to give one's opinion on persons who exercise their critical sense on us artists, that sometimes means entering into an argument with them, and argument rarely leads to a complete understanding. But, in any case, what is the good of disputing the freedom of a personal opinion? Both the artist and the critic give the public what it is their duty to give it—the one gives his heart and his soul, the other his gift of analysis. But in this, as in everything else, your country has its characteristic traits of freshness and sincerity. As far as I have been able to observe, your critics very rarely seek what the French call *la petite bête*. They adopt the more benevolent attitude of finding good rather than evil, which was the salient characteristic of Schumann in his literary essays. For example, I have had the happiness of reading in one of your newspapers these words in regard to myself: "One cannot coldly criticise a man with such a gift; we can only applaud and thank our stars we are fortunate in knowing him and sharing with others the benefit of its possession." I hardly think that a Continental critic would speak in these simple and sincere terms to his readers, even if he were carried away by enthusiasm.

The only thing which appears to me imperfect, or perhaps I should say too perfect, in the organization of your newspaper press, is that the criticisms appear in your newspapers after the public rehearsal of the afternoon and not after the real concert of the following evening. The artist—whether he be an actor, an orchestra leader, a soloist, or a member of the orchestra—is never in as good condition during the day as at night, and after all a "public rehearsal" is only a rehearsal like every other rehearsal. But in a country where everything goes by electricity, by rapid



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transit, we must, it seems, put up with this little inconvenience. It is, after all, the public which suffers, it being rarely given a full account of the execution of the principal works.

Before closing this article, allow me to say a few words in regard to the scruples which certain people have felt in regard to my habit of conducting without a baton. This innovation came to me by pure accident when, at Moscow about two years ago, I left my baton behind at my house and came to the rehearsal without that traditional instrument. So as not to lose any time, I began the rehearsal without the baton, and when my servant, a good half-hour afterwards, brought me that utensil, the thing was done and the orchestra had approved the innovation. Since then I have conducted all my concerts, even the oratorios with more than five hundred people, in the new way. The success which I have just met with at Queen's Hall, in London, with the London Symphony Orchestra, and after only two rehearsals, has just given a new consecration to my way of conducting. It is not the desire to appear original nor any other kind of coquetry, but the profound conviction of the usefulness of this method for the orchestra, which, conducted without a baton, reveals itself to a body of infinite sensibility and finesse.

W. SAFONOFF.

The Egotism of Genius

Richard Mansfield's just appreciation of his own talents is sometimes rather forcibly impressed upon his fellow-actors. At the production of a recent play Mansfield was personally superintending the rehearsals. The leading woman had a difficult part which she did not do to the star actor's satisfaction. His voice came ominously from the darkness of the wing, "Miss K——, go over that part again." The actress repeated her lines.

"Again," relentlessly said Mansfield. Once more the actress nervously went through her part.

Then a firm stride was heard and Mr. Mansfield stood in the centre of the stage, hands clasped, eyes upturned, his voice booming in deep chest tones:

"Good heavens, would there had been given to this woman a little of the intelligence that was so bountifully bestowed upon me!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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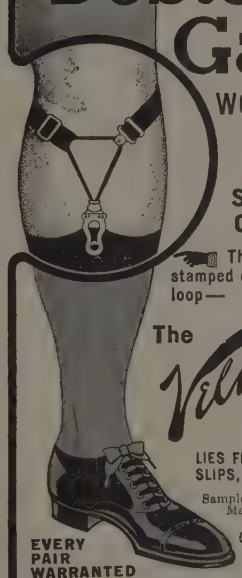

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Curtain Calls and Speeches

(*Continued from page 137.*)

dressing room during waits? In a few instances certain players absolutely decline to accept curtain calls until the play is over. Their reason for this does not comport with any logical demand of art. But the idea is admirable, even if it be a whim or a showman's trick for inexpensive advertising.

Many a good play has been killed by curtain calls and speeches. That wasn't the reason given, but it was the real reason. There is always frivolity latent in an audience, and players can very easily invoke it to the serious mutilation of artistic achievement. Voracious appetite for curtain calls and fondness for making speeches are perverse, selfish degradation of art, nothing else, and nothing less. If players would see it in this light and taboo it, auditors would soon weary of the teasing amusement.

The cue lies in the fact that the major portion of the dramatic profession is incapable of artistic discrimination. The less the talent, the more reliance is placed on subterfuges. There is a good deal of stage talent, but precious little dramatic genius. Playing to get a hand is the trick of an individual for whom the Divine intent is very far removed from the stage. The

Gessford ALFRED REISENAUER
Well-known German pianist who has been making a concert tour in America

player of genius will not break the thread of an evening's concentrated thought for any reason. Dressing rooms ought to be locked against all visitors for artistic reasons. The quality of stage work would improve.

Personally, the present writer regrets that there is such an inclination for obliteration of the natural lines separating players from the people; which there never was so long as players were bred to their profession, not dropped, or hurdled, into it. Bargain matinées, with receptions on the stage; teas-by-card to stars by society women who have no acquaintance with them, but hire them to pose as their guests to heighten the social prestige of the hostess; societies formed wherein players and the public mingle in a sociability that is always forced and unnatural on the part of the public, and merely playing for popularity by the players, are schemes to broaden the personal popularity of players; actors in church pulpits are much too bull-in-a-china-shop to be more than superficial, and misleadingly superficial at that. Players are a class by themselves. They know it, and we who know and understand them and their art know it, too. Retention of the divisions whereby distinctiveness of players was recognized will most effectively eliminate from performances the extravagant bestowment of applause now rampant, and ultimately dispense with that objectionable drivel that is now clamorously hailed as "a speech."

W. A. Lewis.

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WRITE LEGIBLY

My Beginnings

(Continued from page 119.)

Another member of the company was a fierce looking bulldog that ran down an incline and sprang upon the villain of the company, bearing him to the earth, and tearing angrily at a red flannel chest protector worn by the villain. The dog was a good actor, but intense. The man who played the villain showed me his chest covered with scars where the dog had bitten him instead of the chest protector. It was a very melodramatic spectacle and Mr. Davidge depended upon it to build up the falling fortunes of his house. While Frayne was playing there, there was some dissension in the family and his brother-in-law, who played the villain, left the company. Mr. Davidge sent for me and offered me one of the two parts, that of the negro who had the pipe shot from his mouth or the villain who was attacked by the dog.

"They are both splendid parts," he said, "and if you will play either of them I will put your name on the billboards."

I did not wait to consider. Of course I would play one of them. They were both dangerous, but if I played them I was to be featured, and that was worth dying for. Which part would I choose? I had held the dog before he made the run down the incline and attacked the villain. I knew his muscles were like steel and I remembered how eager he was for his part in the performance. Besides I never liked dogs. I don't now. I elected to play the negro. Frayne was a splendid marksman. He had never missed aim. But I thought he might. He never drank, but, I reflected again, he might, for the first time. While I played the negro these thoughts disturbed me. The pipe wabbled between my unsteady teeth. A few years later Frank Frayne missed aim for the first time. He shot his wife in the head, killing her instantly.

My second engagement was at the Chestnut Street Theatre the next Summer with Louis James as one of the managers. My salary was ten dollars a week and I got it. Mrs. Drew, I recall, borrowed me for a special engagement of one week at the Arch Street Theatre.

The next season I was engaged at the Walnut Street Theatre, at fifteen a week. When that season was over I came to New York and hung about and starved until I was engaged for one of the Kiralfy's spectacles. Then through the agents I secured a small part in Edwin Booth's company. That was the most fortunate step in my career. Previously I had had a general and hard experience. From Mr. Booth I received inspiration and acquired ideals and standards of acting. I played Roderigo in "Othello" and François to his Richelieu, and he was pleased to say that it was the best François he had ever seen. Once I went up in my lines and left the stage execrating my stupidity. That great man overhearing my villification of myself, said: "My boy, don't grieve about it. I have stuck in some of the best lines in the best scenes of 'Othello.'"

Reticent, sometimes morose, always retiring, Mr. Booth was a gentleman in the literal sense. being truly a gentleman. As Moses drew water from the rock, so he drew kindness from the stoniest character by his gentleness. As the season was drawing to its close an opportunity came for me to join the Boston Theatre company. I told Mr. Booth of this and asked him if I might use his name in closing the negotiations. He replied "Certainly." He was a very quiet man, but the next day he sent me a note that closed the negotiations with the company most satisfactorily, and at that time I suppose "My Beginnings" may have ceased, for from that time until I began to star, I never had to ask for an engagement.

My career parallels that of Captain Kidd. The pirate chieftain was orginally a mild and gentle personage who would have passed his life in commanding a merchantman, but his crew came to him and said: "We want to be pirates. If you won't be one you must walk the plank." Captain Kidd succumbed to circumstances. Now I always wanted to play character parts. I didn't want to be pretty boys. I couldn't. But the parts were forced upon me, and, in time, like Captain Kidd, I succumbed to circumstance.

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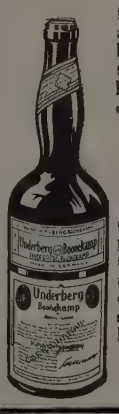

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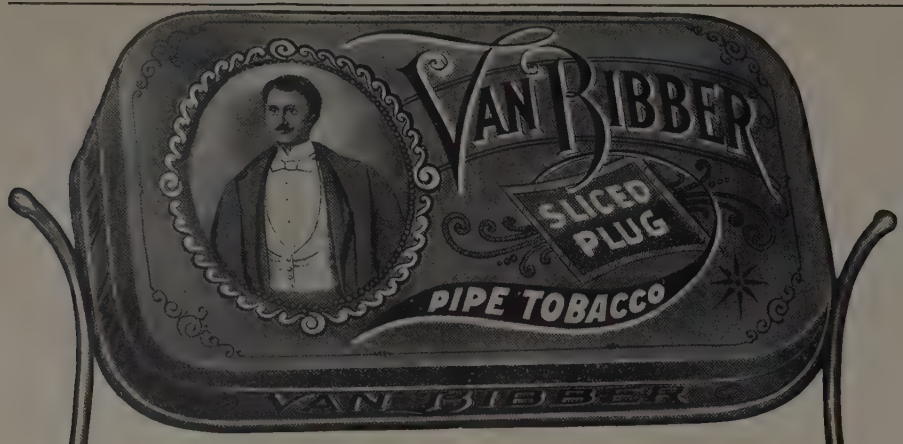

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

T. H. Brown, Compton, Cal.—Q.—Do you know whether "The Lady of the Lake" has ever been produced upon the stage? A.—It has, and you could probably obtain a copy of the stage version from any of the play publishers. Consult our advertising columns.

F. Beutel, Chicago.—Q.—Was Shakespeare's "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," ever played by a good company in America? A.—We can find no record of its ever having been produced. Certainly not in this city. Q.—How long has Viola Allen been acting? A.—Since 1882.

Traveller.—We are unable to give you the information you wished, as the person is not of sufficient importance. Q.—Where can I obtain a photograph of Miss Lillian Hudson? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

A Devoted Reader.—Q.—Is it possible for a colored person to become a star, and do you know any now starring in Europe or America? A.—Messrs. Williams and Walker are at present starring in this country, and so is Ernest Hogan. A colored man, Ira Aldrich, some years ago went to Europe and appeared in the leading rôles in a number of plays, among them as Othello in Shakespeare's play of that name.

A correspondent wishes to know if we have published any photographs of John Blair. We published one in the November, 1902, issue. For recent photographs of him write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

Inquisitive Providence Reader.—Q.—How did the final act of "Clarice" end as originally produced? A.—This play has not yet been given in New York. Q.—Will you publish an interview with Mr. Gillette, and pictures of scenes in "Clarice"? A.—We probably shall.

A Constant Reader.—Photographs of Miss Amelia Bingham may be secured from Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city. To secure her autograph you must write to Miss Bingham herself, sending the photograph and a stamp for its return.

D. M. S., Bonn, N. H.—Although much has been written on the life and works of Arthur W. Pinero we cannot at present give you the title of any particular book. Probably by consulting editions of his published plays you will find a biographical sketch prefixed to one or more of them.

E. H. S., Buffalo.—The best advice we can give you if you are determined to go on the stage is to try to get an engagement to walk on if necessary. A dramatic school training is, of course, desirable but it requires money, and does not always secure an engagement.

G. T., Kewanee, Ill.—Q.—Did Sol Smith Russell ever play in "The Rivals." A.—He did.

Friday.—You will probably find the information you wish about William J. Kelly, formerly of the Proctor's 125th Street Company of this city and also a portrait in the next number of this magazine.

Leslie Mandell, San Francisco, Cal.—We know of no prominent actor at present playing Julius Cæsar. Maude Adams will remain in this city for the entire season, playing "Peter Pan." "The Girl of the Golden West" is another success which will probably remain here until the early Summer.

J. G. A.—Q.—When did you publish a criticism and pictures of "Sunday," and can I obtain these numbers? A.—In the December, 1904, number which may be had at this office, price 75 cents.

A Patron, Buffalo.—Pictures of Laura Nelson Hall and Vaughan Glaser can probably be obtained from Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, New York. By reading the heading of this column you will understand why your other questions are not answered.

G. Wilson, Washington, D. C.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Mina Shirley? A.—We have not. Q.—Where can I get photos of Fanny Bloodgood and Virginia Levick? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, New York.

P. S. G., Providence, R. I.—Q.—To what agents may one apply for booking of Summer vaudeville, either in New York or East of that city? A.—There are several vaudeville agents in this city, one of the most important is William Morris. Q.—With whom should one correspond in the endeavor to place a musical comedy on the market. A.—With managers or stars.

W. C. C., Boston.—Q.—Has a girl of twenty, the first one in her family to take up that profession, as good a chance going on the stage as one who goes on at six and comes of a professional family? A.—Certainly she has not. The child of professional parents not only may inherit talent, but having been accustomed to the theatre from babyhood, unconsciously learns many things which the other must study, and also has the great advantage of the assistance of her family in securing an engagement, and in coaching her for it.

Anxious Adelaide.—Some of the parts which Orrin Johnson has played are: George Heathcote, in "Squire Kate"; Percival Kingsearl, in "Miss Hobbs"; Edwin Seabury, in "Men and Women"; Ralph Standish, in "The Lost Paradise"; Gerald Holmes, in "A Bachelor's Romance," and Private Jones, in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He was also seen more recently in "Mice and Men."

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Has William Gillette's play, "Secret Service," been published in book form? A.—Yes. Q.—Where can I get it and others by him? A.—Write to any of the play publishers, their advertisements appear in this magazine.

X. Y. Z.—Q.—Where and when was Lulu Glaser born? When and where did she make her first appearance on the stage? A.—She was born in Allegheny City, Pa., June 2, 1874. She made her debut at sixteen in "The Lion Tamer" with Francis Wilson, in the Broadway Theatre of this city.

C. Annerly.—Q.—Is Tyrone Power playing in anything now? If so, where? A.—He was in "The Redskin" which recently appeared at the Liberty Theatre, this city.

P. S. W. W.—Q.—Who were the principals in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and what was the length of its New York run? A.—Jerome Sykes, Edna Wallace Hopper, Johnny Page, Herbert Carter, Chas. H. Drew, Emily Beaupre, Mabella Baker. It was produced Jan. 1, 1900, at the Victoria Theatre, and remained there for but a short time. Q.—Will you publish a large new picture of Fritzi Scheff? A.—See full length picture in the February number.

D. W. J.—Q.—Will you please give me a list of the plays that William J. Scanlon appeared in after he became a star? A.—The following is a partial list: "Friend and Foe," "Shane-na-Lawn," "Myles Aroon," "The Irish Minstrel," and "Mavourneen," the last play in which he appeared.

E. M., Guthrie, Ala.—Q.—Who sang the part of Archie in Francis Wilson's "Toreador" in the spring of 1903? A.—Joseph Coyne. Q.—Why do we never hear of Eva Tanguay any more out West? Is she playing this season, and if so what is the play? A.—She is playing in "The Sambo Girl," and was in St. Louis recently. Q.—Who is Marguerite Clark in private life? A.—That is her real name.

A Constant Reader, New York—Q.—In what theatre, when and how long a run did "Dorcas" with Pauline Hall have in New York? A.—It was produced December 28, 1896, in the Olympia, now the New York Theatre, and ran a week, later going on the road. Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of the picture of Ethel and Jack Barrymore in the January THEATRE? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

A Little Busybody.—Q.—What other plays did Chauncey Olcott play in New York City before "Mavourneen," which was in April, 1901, and the date? A.—He played the rôle of Pablo in "Pepita, or the Girl with the Glass Eyes" in 1886, and appeared in "The Irish Artist" in 1895.

A Theatre Goer.—Q.—Would you kindly inform me when and where was Chauncey Olcott born? A.—In Buffalo, N. Y., July 21, 1860.

M. H. McG.—Q.—Why do you not have any news in the column "The Theatre Everywhere" from Montreal? A.—You will probably find such news in the near future.

Georgian, Macon, Ga.—Q.—Is it possible to purchase copies of this and last season's successful plays for reading purposes? If so from whom? A.—Sometimes this can be done. If they are not published it would be necessary to write to the managers who produced them. We cannot recommend any books on the writing and speaking of French dialect.

J. F., Utica.—The only way to become connected with a big music house in New York City is to apply for a position, as one would in any business. If you mean that you wish your compositions published you must submit them to publishers.

I. E. R. W.—Q.—When and where was E. S. Willard born? A.—In Brighton, England, in 1853.

Mary F.—Q.—Please tell me as much of Miss Maxine Elliott's life as possible in a short space. A.—Miss Elliott was born in Maine, and educated at a convent in Roxbury, Mass. Her father was a sea captain, and she accompanied him on several long sea voyages. She came to New York City at the age of sixteen, determined to go on the stage. Her first engagement was with E. S. Willard when she appeared in "The Middleman," "John Needham," "The Fool's Paradise," "The Professor's Love Story," etc. She played in "The Prodigal Daughter" with Rose Coghlan, and later joined Augustin Daly's stock company, remaining for several years. Later she played with Nat C. Goodwin, whom she subsequently married, and since then they have appeared together and as separate stars. An interview with Miss Elliott appeared in this magazine for November, 1903. Q.—Is there any way of learning the dates of her tour beforehand? A.—Write to her manager.

F. R. M., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—When and where were the following born: Maude Adams? A.—Salt Lake City, Utah, 1872; Julia Dean? A.—Minneapolis, Minn., about 1877; Mary Mannering? A.—In England, about 1870.

M. Holley.—Q.—Is there a book (or books) published like "Actors and Actresses," by Brander Matthews and Lawrence Hutton, giving acounts of actors and actresses of the present, such as Mr. Drew, Mr. Bellew, Miss Maude Adams, Miss Rehan, etc.? A.—"The Players' Blue Book," by A. D. Storms; "A Dictionary of the Drama," by Adams; "The Gallery of Players," by Austin Brereton, might give you the information you wish. Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage," in three volumes, not only gives accounts of the important stage productions but also brief biographical sketches of many actors and actresses. Q.—Is Heron Miller the son of Henry Miller and Bijou Heron? A.—He is.

A Subscriber, N. Y.—Q.—Have you interviewed Margaret Anglin? A.—See our April, 1902, number. Q.—Have you published any picture of Florence Roberts, and where could I obtain a good picture of her? A.—See November, 1901, and March, 1904, numbers; by writing to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d street, this city.

Constant Reader, Troy, N. Y.—Q.—What cities will Maude Adams visit during her tour in "Peter Pan"? A.—Miss Adams will not go on tour this season, but will remain at the Empire Theatre until it is closed for the Summer. Q.—Has she had any photographs taken this season? A.—Photographs of her as Peter Pan were taken by the Otto Sarony Co. this season, and one of these, reproduced in colors was on the cover of this magazine for February. Q.—Who is Gertrude Kasebier, and where will a letter reach her? Is she a professional photographer? A.—She is, and has a studio in this city.

N. S. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Where was Eleanor Robson born? A.—In Wigan, a town in Lancashire, England. Q.—What will her new play be, and who wrote it? A.—"Susan In Search of a Husband," by Jerome K. Jerome, and "The Girl who Has Everything," by Clyde Fitch. Q.—Where was Edna May born? A.—In Syracuse, N. Y.

H. W., San Francisco.—For such particulars as to his life, career, etc., you had best address Mr. Whittlesey himself. We believe that "Sunday" is not published, but you might write to Chas. Frohman. A photograph of Wright Whittlesey appeared in our issue for January, 1906.

A. V. W.—Q.—How long will Maude Adams play "Peter Pan"? A.—It is impossible to say. She will remain in New York with it for this entire season at least, probably taking it on tour next season. Q.—Have you a THEATRE MAGAZINE calendar? A.—We no longer publish one. Q.—Where can I obtain the acting editions of "The Little Minister" and of "Peter Pan"? A.—Write to Chas. Frohman.

Noyes Reynolds.—Q.—Are you not going to criticise Robert Mantell's production of "King Lear"? A.—Mr. Mantell in his repertoire was discussed in our December, 1905, issue.

H. L., Hartford, Conn.—A personal study of Miss Maude Adams appeared in this magazine for September, 1903. The colored cover picture of the February THEATRE this year was of Miss Adams as Peter Pan. It would be difficult to mention her greatest success. Possibly "The Little Minister" would head the list.

M. H., Omaha.—Q.—Have you published pictures of the following plays, and, if so, at what price? A.—"Strongheart"? A.—March, 1905, price of the magazine 35 cents; pictures of Mr. Edeson himself in this character appeared in the January, 1905, number and as a cover picture of the September number, the same year, price 35 cents for each number. Q.—Maude Adams in "Quality Street"? A.—In November, 1901, price $2.

C. M. C.—Q.—Have you published an interview with Ethel Barrymore? A.—In November, 1902.

E. G. N., Racine, Wis.—Q.—Where can I secure scenes of the chorus of "Woodland," and at what price? A.—Scenes from "Woodland" were published in this magazine in the July and August numbers for 1904, and these copies may be had at this office for 75 cents each.

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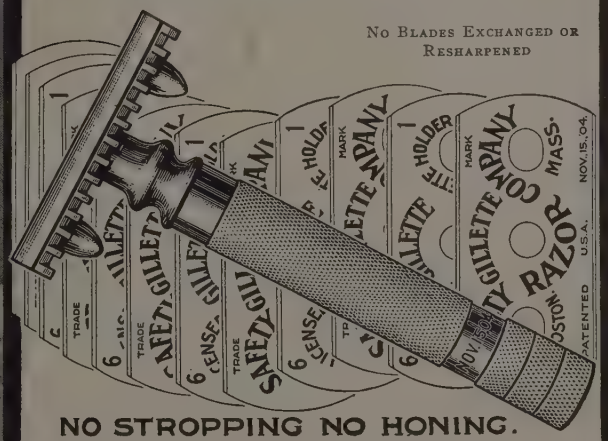

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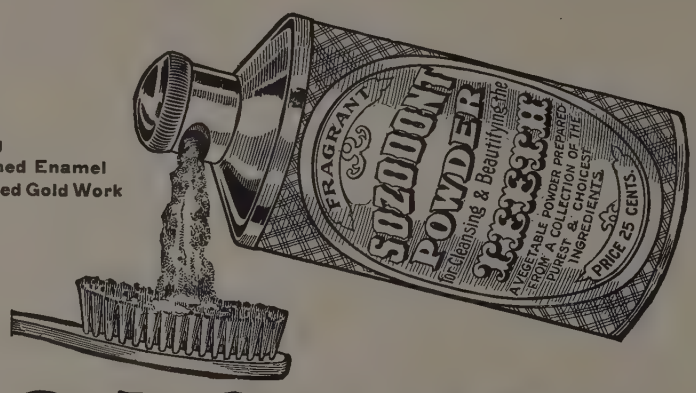

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The Current Plays

(*Continued from page 114.*)

looks a veritable picture of the early sixties. Francis McGinn as Edwin M. Stanton is capably irascible, and David R. Young makes Gen. Hooker an interesting figure. W. H. Pascoe is a well-contained villain and a very earnest and able piece of emotional acting is contributed by Malcolm Duncan as a suspected young officer.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE GREATER LOVE." Play in 4 acts by Ivy Ashton Root. Produced March 19 with this cast:

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Howard Kyle; Herr Schikaneder, Frederic Webber; Franz Sussmayer, Fred C. House; Albert Lange, Earl Rider; Herr Zoller, Stanley Jessup; Signor Bondini, Frank Kendrick; Cecilia, Flossie Greenthal; August, Richard Storey; Herr Albrechtsberger, Colin Campbell; Herr Kleinberg, Stanley Jessup; Herr Schack, George C. Wiseman; Herr Gorl, Alfred Bergen; Herr Hofer, Fritz Gerlach; La Mandini, Beverly Sitgreaves; Aloysia Weber, Helen Ware; Constanze Weber, Kathleen Kinsella; Sophy Weber, Paula Gloy.

This play occupied the stage of the Madison Square Theatre for several weeks, affording interest to those who were able to see its possibilities, and under the disadvantage of an amount of adverse comment that in some measure was undeserved. The piece is certainly too episodic, and the character of Mozart suffered, here and there, partly from misconception in the acting of it and partly from an inexpert structural weakness of the play. The material, however, offers opportunities that were not made the most of. Any diagnosis of the play as a failure corresponds to the diagnosis sometimes made by doctors who cannot recognize the distinction between the symptoms of smallpox on its first appearance and those of a simple case of measles. It would seem to be easy to recognize failure. It may be somewhat more difficult to convey the degree of failure. On the other hand, no competent observer of a play ever failed to recognize a success. But the uncertainties of criticism include both these injustices and dangers. It may be that we have reached the point where a play that falls short in any particular is entered upon the debit side of the ledger, to the exclusion of any credit. It may not be feasible to render a bill of particulars, but generalities will not satisfy those who are most concerned and to whom suggestion would be valuable. The fault with "The Greater Love" is a lack of compactness and logical cause and effect in the structural elements of the play, and sometimes in the action itself. In the main, the action is good. That is to say, many of the scenes are real scenes and entirely effective. Other scenes attempt to convey too much and are a jumble. Some of the scenes are tender and emotional and perfect. It may be observed of playwriting in general that any part of a play that is perfect technically with reference to the particular object is as perfect as any other scene in any other play that was ever written. In this play there are some perfect scenes. But the play as a whole lacks proportion. Structurally it is inexpert, but the material and the opportunities are there. It only needs an expert hand to make of it an exceedingly popular and effective play. It offers abundant opportunities for flippant criticism. It was unfortunate that Mozart, in life, had disagreeable experiences with one Herr Schikaneder. Herr Schikaneder was his enemy. It may be that Herr Schikaneder's patronymic is offensive in sound, and that, in view of the cacophanous name, some other name should have been substituted in the play itself. As it is, the name of Herr Schikaneder has a tendency to occupy the entire minds of small people in the audience. Entire columns might be written about Herr Schikaneder to the exclusion of any other consideration. The facts, however, require the presence of this historical personage. It is also unfortunate for the play that, since the days of Mozart, Chauncey Olcott and Andrew Mack have cultivated a conventional bit of business, surrounded by children, to whom they sing songs. Of course, even if it were an historical fact that Mozart was fond of children and that there was historical record of his complying with their requests for song, there are some minds of limited scope who at once cry out "Chauncey Olcott!" In any fair and critical consideration of the play such trivial comment is discreditable. The material of a play dictates its treatment. In point of fact, the incident showing Mozart's love for children hardly bore any resemblance whatever to the Olcott method. The incidents and episodes and characters in the play are well chosen, and for the most part the action is animated, else the play would succeed in no degree and would interest at no moment, for it lacks cohesion.

The acting of a character in a play of a man of genius is, to use an expression from Insurance, extra hazardous. Mozart was a man of small stature, so that Howard Kyle was certainly

not too large to represent the genius in his physical aspects. Mozart was generous, gentle, and yet subject to outbursts of rage under mistreatment; he was conscious of his powers, in exact proportion to them, not underrating or overrating himself, just as every man should do and be, with or without genius. He was emotional; it was necessarily an element of his genius. A character with this emotional and mental variety is necessarily difficult to depict. Mr. Kyle fell short in his representation. To what extent that was due to the lack of technical handling by the author or his own misconception of certain passages, cannot be safely decided upon until the play is brought into proper shape. That he may have appeared to some critics as a milksop in certain passages in which he generously gives away his last gulden may come from the uselessness of it all with reference to the plot, nothing coming of it. Again his vacillation in his love affairs might make him appear such, and here again it may be because of inadequate technical handling by the author. Unquestionably the play needs reconstruction, but, even as it stands, there are many moments in it that bring you much closer to such an extraordinary character as Mozart than is commonly done in plays in which a great personage takes the leading part.

SAVOY. "It's All Your Fault." Farce in 3 acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced April 2 with this cast:

Caxton Coulter, Herbert Carr; Howard Beasley, Edgar Selwyn; Jack Dobbins, Herbert Sleath; Archibald, Master Pincus; H. C. Watts, George Adams; Bill Stubbs, Charles Mason; Andrew, Charles Dowd; Mrs. Coulter, Maud Hosford; Winifred Coulter, Mary Faber; Flora Beasley, Louise Closser; Miss Hackney, Carolyn Lee.

It is, perhaps, only in New York that a newsboy, seemingly about 12 or 14 years of age, short and rotund, could be better taken from the street corner in the Tenderloin, the scene of his daily scraps, and placed upon the stage to meet with the enthusiastic applause of those rounders who, to a large extent, constitute first night audiences in many cases, as in this. There are many people who do not admire the slang and the brazen and self-confident impudence of the typical newsboy. Unquestionably, the selling of papers on the street is an honorable occupation, and, in this land of opportunity, it has been, is, and always will be one of the stepping stones for better things. It may be that Master Pincus, who plays the part of Archibald, a runaway, in this farce, may find a career from the lucky circumstance that the real article was needed for this particular part. His performance gives a novelty to the play which it otherwise would lack. A married couple have been promised a substantial reward by a rich uncle if they had a boy. He is fond of children and is childless. He would adopt the boy. The uncle, they suddenly learn, is about to make a visit to them, and they are unprepared with this bit of stage property, a boy. At the right moment a boy jumps in through the window, making an escape from an asylum to which he had been committed. Of course, we cannot take this boy seriously, but we must accept Master Pincus as a reality. It is unnecessary to set down the details from this point in it. Several of the men are suspected of the boy's paternity, one after the other. The complications are amusing and almost necessarily of French origin. Plays, however, are measured by their success. There are some audiences who would accept the merriment of the complication, apart from the brazen image of the boy. The acting is exactly what is required for this kind of a play. Herbert Carr, large, rotund, amiable, with the spirit of humor and farce in him, and a most excellent actor, who never misses a point, supplies an artistic element in his acting that is worth seeing. Maud Hosford, as the wife, who becomes jealous at a certain turn in the action, is also fully equal to her task.

MAJESTIC. "His Majesty." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Book and music by Shafter Howard. Produced March 19 with this cast:

His Majesty, Van Rensseler Wheeler; Abel Strongham, Harry Kelly; Daffy Dan, Knute Erickson; Hon. J. Norman Bull, Walter F. Dyett; Napoleon, William H. White; Dolly Dainty, Anna Laughlin; Mrs. Brown, Blanche Ring; Stella Bright, May Naudain.

There is nothing in this mélange to call for anything but the briefest mention. It is musical comedy of the stereotyped pattern, the only touch of originality being in its locale, which has been set in Hades, the titular rôle being represented of course by His Satanic Majesty. Otherwise there is no plot to speak of, although an effort is made on the house program to describe one. Anna Laughlin's diminutive and charming personality is seen to advantage in the part of Dolly Dainty, and Blanche Ring, another local favorite, renders some new songs in her usual manner. Will this comely and talented young woman never attempt anything new to justify the belief that she can rise above mere mediocrity? Van Rensseler Wheeler, a clever and popular comedian, dresses His Majesty in a flaming red suit and keeps the audience in good humor.

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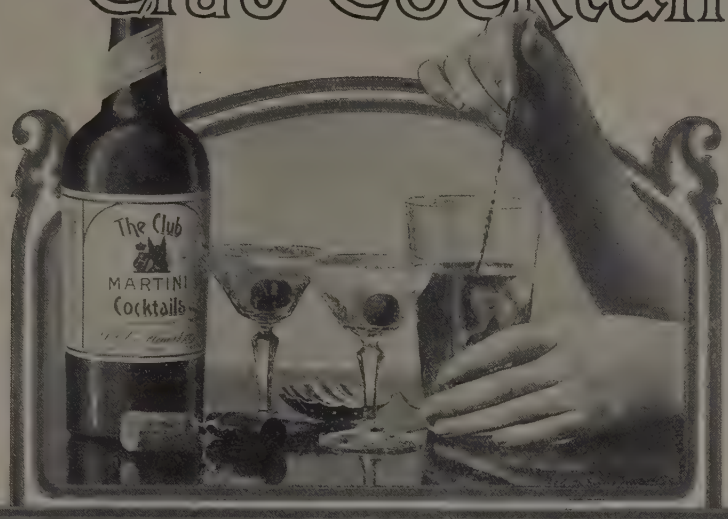

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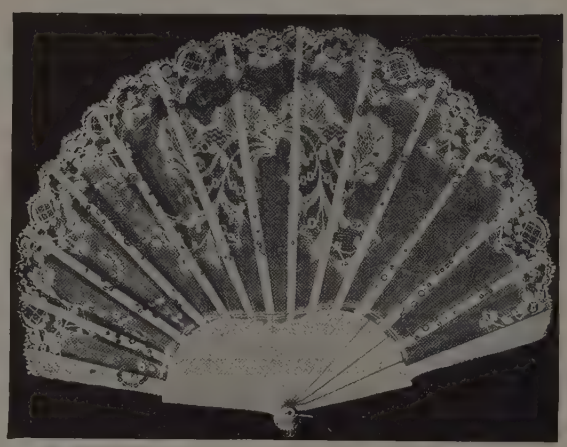

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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

Approve Our "Make-up"

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 8, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I hope you will not heed the anonymous letters objecting to reading matter appearing among the advertisements. The statistics, biographies and particularly the correspondence under the heading "The Theatre Everywhere," are among the most interesting features of your magazine, and are not to be found in other dramatic papers. I consider THE THEATRE MAGAZINE the best theatrical and musical paper published, so please do not go backwards. Keep on improving as you have in the past. G. R. WILSON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 12, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I have been a reader of your splendid magazine for some time. I see in your March number a letter from South Bend protesting against reading matter appearing among your advertising. I think the writer was wise not to sign his name. His argument is absurd. It has always puzzled me how such a publication as THE THEATRE MAGAZINE could be issued for twenty-five cents and the publishers expect to print more than one number.

Any one that wants a magazine better than THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is certainly unreasonable, for I am of opinion that its equal is not printed anywhere; and as for the advertisements, I enjoy reading them after I have read the rest of the magazine. If any one doesn't want to read them he doesn't have to. What more, a person is very often benefited by the advertisements. I for one do not think that the readers of your magazine are getting too much reading matter.

I receive your valuable magazine every month through my local newsdealer, but on account of traveling a good deal I cannot send in a subscription at present, but hope to be able to do so before many more issues are out.

R. M. KISER.

PORT JEFFERSON, March 25, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I see in the March THEATRE that some of your readers are "kicking" at having to look among the advertisements for reading matter. Don't you care. I have every issue of the THEATRE up to date and expect to have them as long as they are published. The only fault I have ever found is that your magazine is not half large enough, and should be published once a week.

EULA R. POTTER.

About Metropolitan Stars

SOUTH BEND, IND., March 24, 1906.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

During the four years I have been a reader of your magazine, this question has often presented itself to me: "Why does THE THEATRE MAGAZINE publish only articles, or interviews rather, with metropolitan stars?" Do you not think this a little unfair? Are there not many lesser lights that deserve attention? I trust it will not be long before these small, though greatly deserving ones are recognized in the metropolitan magazines. In conclusion I also might add my regrets with those of some of your other correspondents regarding reading matter among the advertisements. The "tail ends" of some of your articles are mighty interesting and one hates to lose them, owing to advertising. E. E. WOODMAN.

There is no such thing as a metropolitan star. Julia Marlowe, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Mansfield, David Warfield and others are not "metropolitan" stars. They belong to the stage all over the United States. New York is simply the starting point or clearing house for our actors and actresses, who are as much at home in San Francisco as they are on Broadway. As to the objection that we pay attention only to the bigger people, that is only partly true as may be easily discovered by consulting our files. Any artist who attracts public attention becomes an object of interest for us to write about. See past articles on Elsie Janis, Henri de Vries, Drina de Wolf, Antonio Majori, Elsie Leslie and others, none of whom are stars of the first magnitude. If we devoted our columns only to thinly disguised advertisements of mediocrities, we should no doubt interest these mediocritics but we should soon lose our hold on the general reader, who has no "axe to grind" and who insists on being interested.

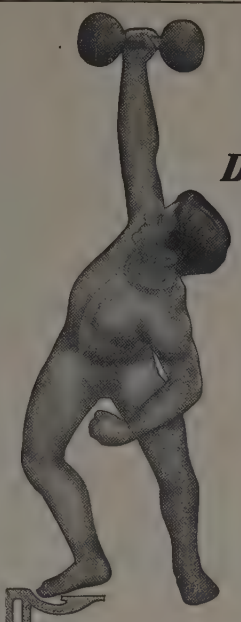
"THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is as great a storehouse of fine pictures as it is of interesting and valuable reading matter."—*North American*, Philadelphia.

Cincinnati's Music Festival

The eyes of musicians all over the United States are now turned toward Cincinnati, where the Biennial Music Festival begins the first week of May. Mr. Van der Stucken, General Music Director, has entirely reorganized the old Festival Chorus, and brought this body of four hundred singers to a position where it will rank any Cincinnati Festival Chorus in twenty years. The soloists chosen for the Festival are: Madame Johanna Gadski, Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, sopranos; Madame Louise Homer and Miss Janet Spencer, contraltos; Mr. John Coates, of England, tenor; Mr. Ffrangçon Davies, of London, barytone; Mr. Charles W. Clark, barytone; Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass. Louise Homer, principal Festival contralto, is an American and the natural successor of Anna Louise Carey. The orchestra will be the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra augmented to one hundred players. Six concerts will constitute the Festival. Tuesday evening, May 1st, the program is: "A German Requiem" of Brahms; Bach's Cantata "God's Time Is Best"; selections from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung," with Madame Gadski, soprano. Wednesday evening, May 2d, Elgar's "The Apostles" will be given for the first time at Cincinnati. The soloists will be Mrs. Kelsey, Mrs. Homer, Mr. Coates, Mr. Davies, Mr. Clark and Mr. Witherspoon. Thursday afternoon the program is miscellaneous, with Madame Gadski and Mr. Clark as soloists. Madame Gadski will sing the finale from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" and an aria by Mozart. Sir Edward Elgar will conduct his overture "In the South," and the orchestral selections include Schumann's B-flat Symphony. The fourth concert, Friday evening, May 4th, introduces the Children's Chorus of one thousand voices in two works—Benoit's Cantata "Into the World" and Mr. Van der Stucken's "Pax Triumphans," which will close the program. Mr. Davies, Madame Homer and Mr. Witherspoon will be the soloists. Saturday, May 5th, at the afternoon concert the orchestra will play the Pathetique Symphony by Tschaikowsky, the Love Scene from Strauss's "Feuersnot," and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." Sir Edward Elgar will conduct an orchestral number of his own composition. Madame Gadski and Mr. Witherspoon will be the soloists. Saturday evening is the last concert of the Festival. Elgar's "The Dream of Gerontius" constitutes the first part; Beethoven's Ninth Symphony the second part. The soloists in the Ninth Symphony will be Mrs. Kelsey, soprano; Miss Janet Spencer, contralto; Mr. Coates and Mr. Witherspoon. The soloists in "Gerontius" are Madame Homer, Mr. Coates and Mr. Davies.

F. F. Proctor's Jubilee

F. F. Proctor during the week of April 9 celebrated at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, his twenty-fifth anniversary as a theatrical manager. His has been a long and interesting career as an energetic exploiter of things dramatic. As the result of this quarter century of enterprise Mr. Proctor has built up an important circuit of theatres, and has made himself one of the most important factors in present-day theatricals. His four New York theatres, the Fifth Avenue and those in Twenty-third Street, Fifty-eighth Street and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, are successful as his three out-of-town playhouses in Newark, Albany and Troy. Starting his career as one of the pioneers of vaudeville in America, he soon startled amusement seekers by inducing dramatic stars of the first magnitude to appear in short plays at his popular price houses, paying them as much for thirty minutes as in the old days it would have cost to run an entire vaudeville show for a week or two. It was a daring move and to many it seemed a losing game, but Mr. Proctor won out and proceeded to establish a stock company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which has become a feature of the local stage. He celebrated his quarter centennial by an aggregation of stars and a series of performances in the Fifth Avenue Theatre such as were never before gathered in any one of his houses. The bill started with "If I Were King," with Amelia Bingham, James Young and others of the stock company, together with Henri de Vries in a "A Case of Arson." On Tuesday evening, the play was "Mrs. Jack," with Miss Bingham and A. H. Van Buren as the principals, followed by Mabel Talliaferro in the garret scene from "The Little Princess." Dumas's "Mlle. Marni" was given on Wednesday evening with La Domino Rouge as an added vaudeville feature. On Thursday Mr. Proctor's Harlem company with James J. Corbett appeared in "Mr. Smooth" and Vesta Victoria was heard in songs. "Candida" was the bill for Friday night, given by the stock company, and in addition Yvette Guilbert was heard in her artistic French songs, while on Saturday "The Merchant of Venice" was played, and on the same programme Fred Walton was scheduled for his clever "Toy Soldier" act.



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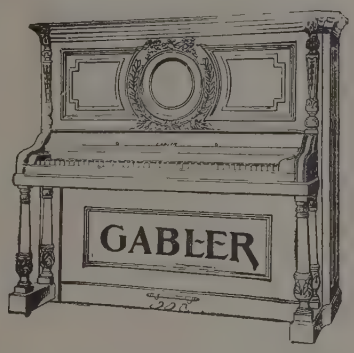

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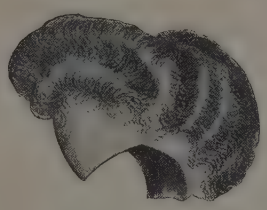

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The Theatre Everywhere

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Akron, O., April 10.—"The Prince of Pilsen," a recent offering at the Colonial, as usual, played to capacity. Dustin Farnum, in the "Virginian," pleased an immense house. "The Heir to the Hurrah," "The Land of Nod" and "County Chairman" pleased large houses. Mme. Bernhardt will play at Music Hall, April 14, and Miss Nethersole at the New Colonial, April 18. I. K. Albaugh, manager of the Grand until its destruction by fire, is going to rebuild. W. R. Snyder.

Albany, N. Y., April 10.—Theatricals here have been of a frothy order. Legislators from the Capitol gathered in large numbers at the Empire to see "The County Chairman." George Ade's satire was hugely enjoyed. Willie Collier presented his old success, "On the Quiet," to a big house on the following night, March 10. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," on March 17, had a strong cast. Manager Williams' next trump card was the Rogers Bros., who had not been to Albany in several seasons. They strenuously exchanged broken English for the returns of a packed house. "The Show Girl," "The Girl Patsy," "The Runaways" and Andrew Mack then followed in the succession named. Louis Mann gave his remarkable sketch of "Papa Poujoul" in "Julie Bon Bon," with Clara Lipman as the author and co-star, to large audiences. William H. Haskell.

Interior of Proctor's Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

Allentown, Pa., April 9.—March attractions were: Joseph Wheelock in "Just Out of College," Daniel Sully in "The Matchmaker," "Robin Hood," Williams and Walker, "A Message From Mars" and Porter J. White in "A Fool's Revenge." The Lyric, Allentown's only theatre, is expected to change hands shortly. Keith is expected to buy it. Warren B. Davis.

Atchison, Kan., April 5.—The month of March has been exceedingly light in regard to theatricals. "San Toy" was presented by a small company and was very disappointing to a large crowd, while "Miss Bob White" made a very good impression. W. H. Turner was here again on the 12th in "David Harum," and again pleased a large audience. Al. G. Field made his annual visit with his big minstrel show, which greatly pleased the minstrel theatre-goers. "The Gingerbread Man," with its star cast, good music and large company, caused a great deal of merriment, Nellie Lynch as Margery Daw and Jos. S. Welch as Simple Simon being the favorites. Chas. Seip, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., April 15.—Atlanta is nothing if not up-to-date, and the news that a new playhouse is to be erected is accepted as a matter of fact. J. P. Anderson, manager of the Peachtree Auditorium, announces that he will shortly begin work on a new theatre to occupy the present site of the Auditorium. Polite vaudeville will be the exclusive offering. This means that when the season of 1906-7 opens we will have at least three new theatres—possibly four. Robert Walter, of Chicago, has leased the Agricultural Building at Piedmont Park and will shortly open a hippodrome there on the order of the one in New York. D. E. Moorefield.

Augusta, Ga., April 10.—"The Isle of Spice," was well liked by a good house. Marie Cahill, in "Molly Moonshine," also pleased. "The Maid and the Mummy" amused our theatre-goers hugely. The Augusta Favorites, Chelso D. Peruchi and Miss Mabel Gypzene, and their entire company will occupy the boards at the Casino, our new theatre at Lake View Park, during the Summer months of June, July, August and September. W. G. H.

Beaver Falls, Pa., April 10.—The best attractions during the past month were: Al. Leach, in "Girls Will Be Girls, and "The Beauty Doctor" which was here March 28 and pleased a large audience. The Beaver Falls Elks gave "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," March 28, for their annual benefit, and pleased a very large audience, the house being sold out. Cyril Scott, in "The Prince Chap," played two performances, April 7, and had two fair houses, although the show deserved two packed houses as it is a very delightful little show. C. V. Davis.

Boston, Mass., April 9.—Two of the most brilliant engagements of the season were at the Colonial this month. Mansfield's farewell appearance in Boston, followed by Loraine in much-discussed "Man and Superman." Eleanor Robson gave a charming performance for a week in a new Fitch play, "The Girl Who Has Everything." Ethel Barrymore was to have given "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" for two weeks, beginning April 2, and although very ill, played for two nights. The company then disbanded. Mrs. Carter's revival of "Zaza" was very successful. She was followed at the Tremont by the all-star cast in the "Heart of Maryland." The Majestic Theatre has been added to the Shubert forces, and the first play given under the new régime was "The Title Mart." Then, immediately preceding its New York appearance, came a new musical play, "The Social Whirl." "The Edge of the Storm," an English drama, was given its first presentation in this country by the Castle Square Stock Company the week of March 19. Both play and players were admirable. Hettie Gray Baker.

Charleston, S. C., April 8.—With the presentation of Richard Carle's "The Maid and the Mummy" night after next the regular season comes to an end locally. As a whole the season has been good, receipts averaging well. As usual, many managers have incurred risk of damage to reputation by sending inferior companies branded as "the original New York cast and production in their entirety," but patrons have learned from bitter experience how unreliable managers' claims frequently are. Thos. P. Lesesne.

Charlotte, N. C., April 8.—Marie Cahill, in "Molly Moonshine," delighted one of the largest houses of the season. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" played to a fair house. "Don Pasquale," as presented by Alice Neilsen and a strong cast, was well received by a large audience at the Academy. "Isle of Spice" played to good business. Geo. L. VanEchop.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 10.—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe appeared in "Taming of the Shrew." Miss Marlowe was suffering with a sprained ankle and remained sitting during part of the performance. Sarah Bernhardt presented "Camille" at the Auditorium, March 16, before a great audience and scored a tremendous success. Mme. Bernhardt had consented to lay the cornerstone of the new Shubert Theatre on the afternoon of her day here. Elaborate preparations had been made and the Mayor and other officials were present, but at the last moment, the willful Sarah refused to leave her private car, thereby disappointing an immense crowd which stood for over an hour in a chilling wind. A. F. Harlow.

Chicago, April 9.—The month has been brilliantly active and prosperous. It is rarely our good fortune to be able to receive at one time three such superb artistes as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Margaret Anglin and Olga Nethersole. Mrs. Carter is appearing at the Grand in "Adrea" and "Zaza." Her opening night in "Adrea" was a triumph. The entire house rose to her in one concerted bravo. She has scored at last in the camp of the enemy pitted against her these fifteen years. For the first time in her career she has played to uniformly good business in this city. Where formerly this woman was viewed as a curiosity, she is now accepted as an artiste. Margaret Anglin is appearing at the Garrick in "Zira." The press has awarded her well-defined and powerful presentment of the title rôle with unstinted praise, but the piece has failed to attract good business. William Vaughan Moody's psychological drama, called "A Sabine Woman," will have three trial performances by Miss Anglin before the close of her engagement. Olga Nethersole, in a repertoire which includes "Sapho," "Carmen," "The Labyrinth," "Magda" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is crowding the Illinois at every performance. At Powers' Theatre, Eleanor Robson is scoring quietly in two brand-new plays. The first, "The Girl Who Has Everything," by Clyde Fitch, is the most human, tender, gracious and charming effort yet from the pen of this playwright of modern manners. The second, "Susan in Search of a Husband," by Eugene Presbrey, has farcical tendencies, but is an adequate vehicle for Miss Robson's art. Both plays are a decided hit. L. Francis Pierce.

Cincinnati, O., April 9.—The Grand for the week of April 9 had a good attraction in Robert Loraine, with Shaw's "Man and Superman." "Arizona" was at the Walnut and drawing well as of old. Mary Hall, quite a favorite here, having formerly been leading lady of the Pike Stock Company, has been engaged for four weeks' appearance with the Forepaugh Stock Company and is making very favorable impressions in Sardou's masterpieces. Another item of interest was the appearance of Miss Carrie Johnson in "Captain Racket." This young lady made a most unusual hit. She has received the most favorable criticism. J. B. Hall.

Corridor of Proctor's Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

Clinton, Iowa, April 5.—"The Isle of Spice" was presented at the Clinton for the fourth time, followed shortly after by "Babes in Toyland." Of these two operas Clintonians never tire. "When We Were Twenty-one," an old-time favorite, was greeted by three large houses. "The Gingerbread Man," which was advertised by the giving away of a gingerbread man at different plays prior to its coming, caused the S. R. O. sign to be displayed. "The Clansman," "Little Gray Lady," and "Checkers" are plays which will long live in the mem-

ories of those who saw them. Virginia Drew Trescott, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," appeared before a Clinton audience for the first time and won their hearts. Kelcey and Shannon, in "The Lightning Conductor," merited great praise. LILLIAN A. HULETT.

Colorado Springs, Col., April 10.—"The County Chairman" was with us on March 17 and the house was packed, all the big politicians were there to learn new points. Pauline Hall was here on the 24th and played to a fair house. On the 31st Al G. Field was here with the best company that has appeared here in the minstrel line in years. Billy Clark, who has a style of his own, pleased every one. Al Field himself is well known here and the Elks were out to meet him. Dora Thorn will be here the 6th and 7th. Sim Nye, our popular manager, will make extensive improvements in remodeling the Opera House this Summer. HOMER B. SNYDER.

Denver, Col., April 8.—During the month of March we saw several worthy productions, among them Creston Clarke in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Although the "County

Interior of the Jefferson Theatre, Goshen, Indiana. Built on ticket subscription plan and opened by Richard Mansfield, November 6, 1905

Chairman" remained for a full week several extra performances had to be given to satisfy the demand for seats. The Pauline Hall Opera Company closed a long season when it gave "Dorcas" at the Labor.

C. CYRIL CROKE.

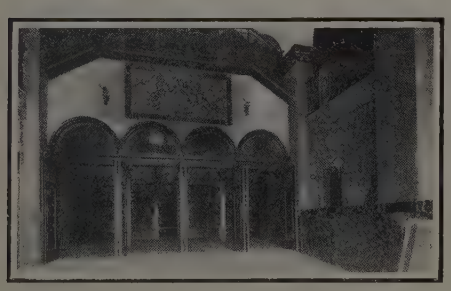
Des Moines, Iowa, April 8.—E. S. Willard played here three nights and a matinee, followed by Savage's Grand Opera Company in "Faust" and "Valkyrie." This month will see Richard Carle in "The Mayor of Tokio" the 11th, Chauncey Olcott in "Edmund Burke" the 12th, and on the 13th comes the "Little Gray Lady." Henrietta Crosman will be here the 25th, after which comes Bernhardt. The "Divine Sarah" will play in an open air theatre caller "Ingersoll Park," managed by Fred Buchanan. H. P. WICKHAM.

Detroit, Mich., April 8.—At the Detroit, Olga Nethersole in "Sapho" has drawn the largest houses, with Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland" a close second. Nance O'Neil played before critical but appreciative audiences, while Wright Lorimer, in his much-discussed production of "The Shepherd King," was equally well received. "The Lightning Conductor," with Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelsey, old-time favorites in Detroit, divided the week with Robert Mantell, who was unfortunate in having his baggage, costumes and scenery delayed so that his opening performance of "King Lear" had to be given up and the house was dark. E. W. DUNK.

Duluth, Minn., April 6.—Nat Willis, in "The Duke of Duluth," was given a great ovation here. On his arrival he was met at the depot by the city officials and a band. The Mayor presented him with a large gilt key to the city and he was royally entertained during his stay here. The English Grand Opera was also well received. The surrounding towns took advantage of this treat and were seen in large numbers. Two large and pleased audiences greeted Hans Roberts in "Checkers." "Babes in Toyland" drew large houses and gave satisfaction. The treat of the month was Nance O'Neil in repertoire. E. F. FURRER.

Easton, Pa., April 10.—During the past month we have experienced the novelty of seeing "Othello" played by the Kirk Brown Company at popular prices. Closely following this Miss Katherine Purnell and company gave a satisfactory performances of "Sapho" and other standard plays. The new Lyric Theatre opened on the 19th and is furnishing entertainment for lovers of vaudeville. At Abel Opera House, on March 15, William Gillette presented "Clarice." H. D. SMITH.

Fall River, Mass., April 9.—The Academy of Music has furnished theatre-goers with several strong plays. Robert Edeson, in "Strongheart," played to one of the largest audiences this season. Other popular attractions were "Abyssinia," "The Eternal City," "The Black



Inner entrance Greene's Opera House, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Crook" and "Devil's Auction." "The Tenderfoot" was only poorly attended with Oscar L. Figman and Ruth White as the headliners, and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" had one of the poorest houses of the season.

WILLARD C. MOULTON.

Fond du Lac, Wis., April 6.—The performances at the Harry Boyle Theatre for the past month have been few, but of exceptionally good quality. Louis James in "Virginius" delighted a good size house. "Buster Brown" also pleased a large audience. Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" was heartily greeted. Nance O'Neil in "Magda" played to a full house. "The Little Gray Lady" was one of the best performances seen this season. William Jefferson and Joseph Jefferson, Jr., in "The Rivals" were well received.

ALFRED L. FEIN.

Goshen, Ind., April 7.—Some excellent attractions have been offered at the Jefferson during the last month. William Winter and Joseph Jefferson, Jr., came and presented "The Rivals" on the stage of the theatre named in honor of their distinguished father, giving the best performance in its entirety yet seen in the play house. The Irwin Theatre has completed the first month of vaudeville and the venture is highly successful, the attendance being very large. WILLIAM V. FINK.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 10.—"The Clansman" drew a good house on April 2, but the play was not the success expected. Nat M. Wills, in "The Duke of Duluth," pleased lovers of musical farce, and West's Minstrels drew a fair house. Channning Pollock's "The Little Gray Lady" played to only fair business but received an enthusiastic welcome. The play was well rendered by Pauline Frederick, Ola Humphrey and Stephen Grattan.

L. H. MITCHELL.

Hamilton. Can., April 10.—Some of the best attractions of the season have been here lately. Undoubtedly the most popular was that of Miss Eleanor Robson, who was well liked in "Susan in Search of a Husband" and in "The Girl Who Has Everything." The latter piece was considered delightful and some of the best work of Clyde Fitch's that has ever been seen locally. "The Virginian" came for a three-performance engagement, playing to uniformly good houses. C. W. BELL.

Hartford, Conn., April 10.—At Parson's Theatre we have seen "The Girl Patsy," which scored a success; Eleanor Robson in "Susan in Search of a Husband"; "The Tenderfoot"; Robert Edeson in "Strongheart"; Kellar, the magician, and William H. Crane in "An American Lord." "The Free Lance," with Joseph Cawthorn, pleased four big houses. Vella Bergin, formerly of Hartford, received an ovation. Beginning April 2, we saw Robert Mantell in "King Lear," "Macbeth," etc., and on April 5, Andrew Mack came in "The Way to Kenmare."

WOODWARD BARRETT.

Holyoke, Mass., April 9.—Theatrical affairs have been quiet here this season until recently, but now the "Independents" have included the Holyoke Opera House in their route list, and better things are promised. The first "Independent" attraction was Bertha Kalich in "Monna Vanna," who thrilled a large and appreciative audience. Oscar Figman and pretty Ruth White appeared in "The Tenderfoot" and pleased greatly. A. E. MORIARTY.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 10.—There have been few attractions at the Lyceum during March, but most of them were well received. William Collier, in "On the Quiet," was very amusing, and pleased his audience. Paula Edwardes also found favor in "Princess Beggar." "Fontana," with Jeff de Angelis, made a decided hit, the most pronounced of the month. The Frohman production of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" was well staged and acted, but the piece did not, on the whole, appeal very strongly to its Ithaca audience. March 14 brought the "Darling of the Gods" back for a return engagement, so much were Mr. Haines and Miss Haswell appreciated, in their respective rôles. WALTER S. MARSLAND.

Jackson. Mich., April 9.—Wm. Norris appeared in the "Land of Nod" at the Athenæum and pleased the audience. Louis James played "Virginius" to a good house. "A Madcap Princess" was seen here on the 26th, the leading part being well played by Miss Sophie Brandt. Theatre-goers were given a treat when Cycil Scott played the "Prince Chap." Hans Roberts was seen here on the 5th in "Checkers." W. W. REID.

W. S. COLLIER
Bus. Mgr. Greene's Opera House, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Jackson, Miss., April 9.—After performances by Richard Carle, Harry Bewsford, James O'Neil and Mme. Modjeska, all played to full houses, the house then remained in darkness until Lew Dockstader opened and filled it to overflowing. This was followed by "The Beggar Prince" Opera Company. This theatre has been leased for a term of years by Ehrlesch Bros. & Coleman. These gentlemen own and lease a number of play houses in the principal towns of this section. C. R. YOUNG.

Jackson, Ohio, April 8.—The theatrical season here has practically closed as there has been no companies here for the past month except "The Chimes of Normandy," a home talent which did not draw very well, one of the houses giving its time to roller skating. There are two more attractions booked for this season, "Buster Brown" playing a return date, but the management promises some first-class attractions next year, in fact, it will be their banner year, if they succeed in getting all contracts signed. FRANK H. CLUVER.

Kane, Pa., April 6.—Business and productions at the local play house were very satisfactory the last month. Percy Haswell and Robt. T. Haines were seen in "The Darling of the Gods." The splendid production was enjoyed by a large audience. March 17, "Fantana" was presented to a capacity house. Owing to adverse weather conditions the all-star cast in "Before and After" played to small house. P. M. MISKELL

Kansas City, Mo., April 7.—Our dramatic enthusiasm has been greatly aroused since the visit of "The Clansman" to the Willis Wood. So eager were the people to witness this play that the management offered three performances on one day for their partial accommodation. It is booked for a return date the week of April 8, and the same eagnerness is awaiting it as before. Among the musical comedies which have visited us during the past month "The Gingerbread Man" is in the lead, although "Miss Bob White" at the Grand Opera House as well as John and Emma Ray in "Down the Pike" entertained some good audiences. Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company was well received by enthusiastic houses. Two new play houses have been promised us and one is already in course of construction. It is to be completed by October and controlled by the Shuberts. The other will be a repertoire theatre. ELIE RIVERS.

Las Vegas, N. M., April 6.—Since the "Bazar of Nations," given by local people, there has been very little doing behind the footlights. However, on April 10, we will see "Humane Hearts" and on April 18 "Scottie, the Famous Death Valley Scout." HELEN WOODS.

Lawrence, Mass., April 10.—The past month has been a very good month in theatrical circles here. William H. Crane, in "An American Lord," played to a rehearsal audience, probably because he was the least favorite in a straight week of one-night stands. Barnaby, in "Clover Dell," was booked, but failed to arrive; Robert Edeson played to a capacity house in "Strongheart"; Frank Daniels was well received in "Sergeant Brue," and the two plays, "Little Johnny Jones" and "The College Widow," were also well patronized. Repertoire came in for its share, but did not seem to take so very well. Vaudeville at the Colonial is as popular as ever and every performance draws big crowds. JOHN MULHOLLAND.

Lexington, Ky., April 8.—The Fremont Stock Company in repertoire opened the week's engagement with "Love and Honor" to capacity, and were well patronized throughout the engagement by a large clientele of admirers. Henrietta Crosman, in Eugene W. Presbrey's "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" delighted a large audience. Miss

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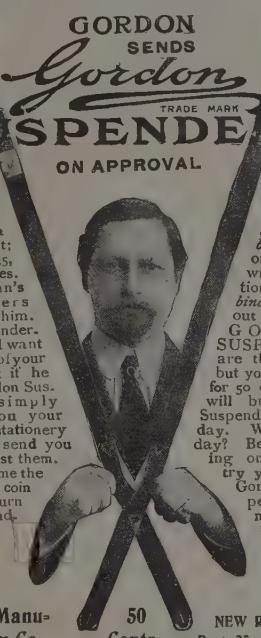

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Crosman made many friends on her first visit to Lexington. Comedy succeeded comedy, with Miss Lulu Glaser in "Miss Dolly Dollars" pleasing the crowded house. Miss Alice Neilson in "Don Pasquale," April 10th, and James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," April 12th, are looked forward to with interest. J. F. A.

London, Can., April 9.—Digby Bell, in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," received a hearty ovation at the Grand; Sophie Brandt, in "A Madcap Princess," met with marked favor; Eleanor Robson in her new vehicle, "Susan in Search of a Husband," made a splendid impression before a large audience; Dustin Farnum, in "The Virginian," did not fail to score a hit; Louis James, as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," well satisfied a fair house. C. J. ALLEN.

Louisville, Ky., April 6.—"The Isle of Spice" played here to a deservedly small and depreciating house. The play is not only unchanged and unfreshened from last season but is much poorer all of the way through. "The College Widow" captured Louisville by her easy enchanting presence, and George Ade's keen humor, as usual, made Louisville audiences happy for four performances. Olga Nethersole, in the "Labyrinth" and "Sapho," shared theatrical honors for the month with Sothern and Marlowe in their repertoire of Shakespearian plays. Both shows tested the capacity of the house and created a strong impression amongst local theatre-goers. Grace George, in "The Marriage of William Ashe," drew good houses. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

Mason City, Iowa, April 8.—As a rule the Lenten season interferes with the attendance at the theatres, but this year has been an exception because of the excellent productions. The month opened with "His Honor the Mayor," to good business, and next came "Buster Brown," which pleased a large audience. Charlotte Burnette in "The Honeymoon" again greeted her Mason City friends and charmed them for an evening. Al. H. Wilson, who has a store of wit and uses it to advantage upon the stage, was with us the last day of March in his new play, "The German Gypsy." MARC J. BICKNELL.

Marshalltown, Iowa, April 7.—Excellent business prevailed at the Odeon the past month. The leading attraction was Savage's English Grand Opera Company in "Lohengrin," which delighted a record-breaking crowd. The entire house was sold a week in advance, the receipts amounting to about $2,250. Excursions were run to the city and hundreds from neighboring towns witnessed the performance. Eddie Redway, in "The Gingerbread Man," and Master Rosen, in "Buster Brown," pleased crowded houses. Yorke and Adams, in "Bankers and Brokers," gave satisfaction. JOSEPH WHITACRE.

Memphis, Tenn., April 7. The approach of the close of the theatrical season here is manifest. Manager Morrison of the Grand already announces the transfer of vaudeville from his house to East End Park for the warm months, beginning April 15. At the Lyceum, Eva Tanguay, in "The Sambo Girl," was liked by some and denounced by others. The "Yankee Consul" did well, but the most delightful of the comic operas was Richard Carle in "The Mayor of Tokio." Memphis theatre-goers turned out in large numbers to see Sothern and Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice." "The Maid and the Mummy" failed to take with the audience. EDW. F. GOLDSMITH.

Middletown, Conn., April 10.—For two performances, April 19 and 20, Frederick Paulding's new comedy, "Cousin Louisa," will be presented at the Middlesex under the personal direction of Daniel Frohman and Joseph Brooks. "Cousin Louisa" is described as a brilliant comedy dealing with the lighter side of life and the cast is a remarkable one, such as is seldom seen in a city of this size, consisting of Charles Cherry, Sam Reed, Charles Swickard, Henry Helliard, George Probert, Mary Van Buren, Suzanne Perry, Kate Denin Wilson and Dorothy Revelle. C. B. HALSEY.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 8.—"Checkers" made the usual short call, playing to crowded houses. Hanlon's "Fantasma" at the Alhambra was up to date and enjoyed by many. Enthusiastic audiences packed each performance of Ramsey Morris' play, "The Ninety and Nine," at the Bijou. Robert Mantell, in Shakespearian repertoire was greatly enjoyed. Another popular play, "The Lion and the Mouse," followed Mr. Mantell. To accommodate the crowds that clamored for seats during this engagement the orchestra was removed to the flies. "The Education of Mr. Pipp" was next upon the scene, with Digby Bell as Mr. Pipp and a strong company; they were given a royal welcome. C. W. HEAFFORD.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 6.—We will have two stock companies this Summer, one at the Metropolitan the other at the Lyceum. Before the season closes at the Metropolitan we shall see Lew Dockstader, "The Heir to the Hoorah," Nat Goodwin and Richard Carle. The theatres have been doing moderately good business, "The Lion and the Mouse" being a tremendous success from the first. Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Auditorium April 23-25. The Bijou, Orpheum and Unique have given satisfaction to their patrons and have done well financially. JACOB WIEK.

New Orleans, La., April 9.—The season in this city is rapidly drawing to a close. We have had some very fine productions; the treat of the season being E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearian repertoire. McIntyre and Heath, in "The Ham Tree," have delighted large crowds at the Tulane. They were followed by Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio," which was well attended. Next came Marie Cahill, in "Molly Moonshine," a good musical comedy well received, and so was Lulu Glaser in 'Dolly Dollars." This week we are having Grace George in the "Marriage of William Ashe." Good sized houses are greeting this production of William Brady. The Orpheum, devoted exclusively to Vaudeville, has done the banner business of the season. Packed houses at every performance. The French Opera, devoted to Grand Opera, has just finished its season. Although

not as well patronized as it deserved, yet it was a success. The Shuberts will enter this city next season as they have leased the Lyric. GUS. A. LLAMBIAS.

Oklahoma City, Okla., April 5.—During last month our public was treated to some clever productions. Tim Murphy made a special trip from Dallas to present "A Texas Steer." Creston Clarke presented "Monsieur Beaucaire" which was witnessed by a fashionable audience. He was shortly followed by a return engagement of Walker Whiteside, who presented his romantic comedy, "Heart and Sword." The popular actor and his play were received cordially. Sarah Bernhardt visited our city and performed "Camille." It was a rare treat afforded to our people and they responded to the capacity of the large theatre. A. D. ENGELSMAN.

Omaha, Neb., April 10.—Lulu Glaser, in "Dolly Dollars," was welcome March 6. "It Happened in Nordland," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Gingerbread Man," E. S. Willard, in repertoire, drew crowded houses at every performance. Viola Allen was indeed "The Toast of the Town" in the play of that name at Boyd's, April 3 and 4. The Savage Grand Opera Company played a short engagement. The Woodward Stock Company, one of the best in the West, presented "Sowing the Wind," week of April 1 at the Burwood. W. C. SMYTH.

Paducah, Ky., April 8.—Eva Tanguay, in "The Sambo Girl," was greeted by a large audience and liked very well. Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio," kept the audience in an uproar of laughter during the whole performance, and was pronounced about the best comic opera we have had this season. Florence Davis in "The Player Maid" did exceedingly well. CORINNE WINSTEAD.

Parsons, Kan., April 7.—On March 14, Mr. Allan Doone and a company presented "Kerry Gow" to an excellent and appreciative audience. Walker Whiteside and company were here March 26, presenting "Heart and Sword." This is Mr. Whiteside's second performance here this season and was greeted with an excellent house. E. BERRO.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 10.—The season of Grand Opera was the most successful ever given. The receipts, with the exception of three or four German operas, exceeded the $7,000 guaranteed Herr Conried. Yvette Guilbert gave three special matinees at the Broad Street Theatre in her new repertoire of old French and English songs. Maxine Elliott won new laurels in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Her Great Match," and drew good houses at the Broad Street Theatre. Robert Loraine, supported by a splendid company, brought Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Man and Superman," to the Opera House and was enjoyed by crowded houses. The Barrymore family, Ethel, John and Lionel, remained at the Garrick for two weeks. "Blue Grass," a new racing comedy-drama by Paul Armstrong, was presented for the first time on any stage at the Walnut. It was a splendid success. R. H. RUSSELL.

Pittsburg, April 8.—A new theatre is announced in immediate prospect for Allegheny City, Pittsburg's Brooklyn. Harry Davis, whose influence upon local theatrical affairs has worked much good, is responsible for the venture. Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company played a return engagement to brilliant audiences at the Belasco, appearing in her complete repertoire. Bertha Galland, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," followed at this house and impressed by her artistic work as the Bath coquette. Our first opportunity to see Arnold Daly and his confrères in "You Never Can Tell," came, and the Shaw play was thoroughly enjoyed. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portland, Ore., April 9.—On the evening of March 8, Portland was delightfully entertained with a song recital by Mme. Gadski. Immediately following, "Little Johnny Jones" played a profitable engagement. Paul Gilmore satisfied his many friends in "Captain Debonaire," and Pauline Hall, after several years absence from this city, sang herself back into favor in "Dorcas." Laura Frankenfield, in "Her Double Life," drew only fair-sized audiences. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" failed to please all. GEORGE ELDRIDGE HIGGINS.

Portsmouth, Ohio, April 9.—Manager Fred C. Higley, of the Grand, is about to close his second successful season as manager of that house, and owing to his success with the City Opera House, has secured the management of the Casino at Milbrook Park, where he intends running a first-class stock company during the summer. His company reports for rehearsals May 1st and opens Decoration Day. We continue to get our share of the good things of the show world. "The Beauty Doctor," on March 5th, to capacity business, didn't please. "Wizard of Oz," the 7th, was received in much the same manner. Mildred Holland, the 10th, in "The Lily and the Prince," was well received. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the 15th, in "Leah Kleschna," was the social event of the season, and broke all house records ROY MCELHANEY.

Pueblo, Col., April 10.—Music, good, bad and indifferent, has been given us during the past month. By far the most pretentious attraction was a series of selections from grand operas given by the National Grand Opera Company on March 21. They had a large and well-pleased audience. Parts of "Traviata," "Parsifal" and "Faust" were given. SWEENEY.

Rockford, Ill., April 5.—Manager Sackett, of the Grand Opera House, has given us some of the best attractions and our people have shown their appreciation by filling the house. April 4, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe presented "Romeo and Juliet" to a large house. On March 13 we saw Ben Greet and his capable company in "As You Like It" and "Macbeth." On March 17, Roselle Knott presented "When Knighthood Was in Flower," at the matinee, but on account of illness was unable to appear at night. DWIGHT MANNY.

Saginaw, Mich., April 9.—During the last month melodrama has predominated at both houses here. The notable performances of the month were: "The Land of Nod," "A Madcap Princess," Kolb and Dill in "I, O. U.," a farce which took the town by storm and would be welcomed at a return date with packed houses; Louis James, in "Virginius," played to a fair house; Arbuckle, in "The County Chairman," and a few other good attractions are promised for the near future. J. IRWIN MCKELLAR.

Seattle, Wash., April 9.—"Woodland" commenced an engagement on Washington's birthday, playing three nights and a Saturday matinee. It received a hearty reception and drew large houses during the brief engagement. "Little Johnny Jones," the next attraction, commencing Sunday the 4th and ending the 7th, also received a hearty welcome. Madame Gadski sang to a large audience Tuesday, the 13th. "Piff, Paff, Pouf," did not draw large or enthusiastic houses. Paul Gilmore as Captain Debonaire was well received. "The Christian" played four nights and a matinee. "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" played a week, but to rather small houses. C. E. ARMSTRONG.

Sioux City, Ia., April 9.—The month here has held much that has been profitable and much that has been pleasant. Chief in both respects was the production here, by the Savage English Grand Opera Company, of "Lohengrin," before a large and appreciative audience. Thomas Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," and Joseph Jefferson, Jr., and William W. Jefferson, in "The Rivals," did not draw large houses, but thoroughly pleased those who did

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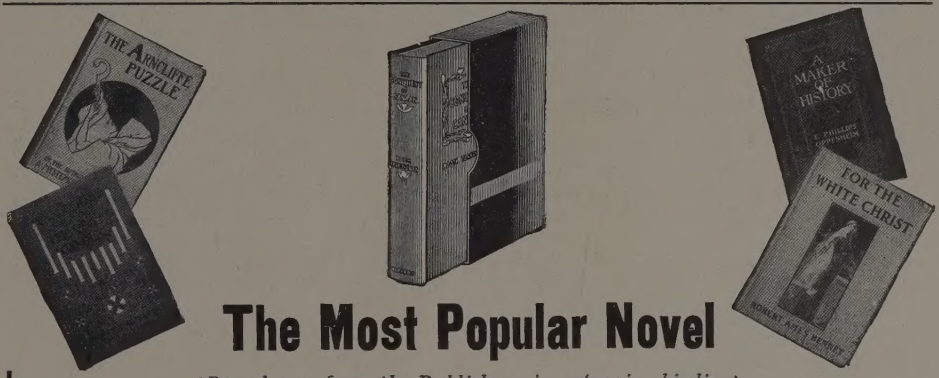

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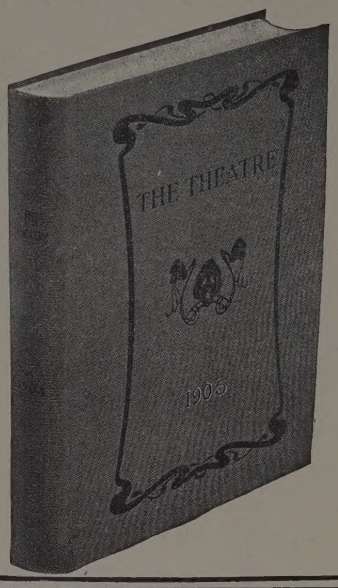

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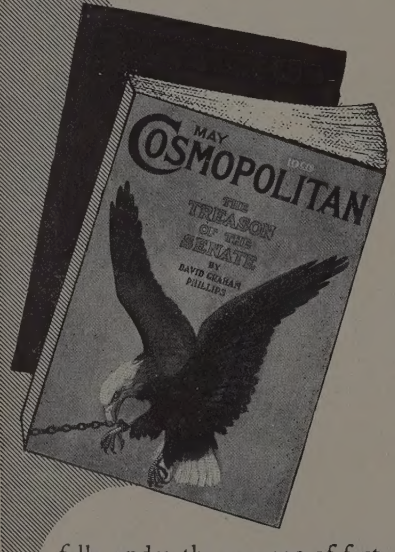

The iron hand of plutocracy is throttling the legislative power of the nation, so that the voice of the people through the United States Senate has become but a feeble, unheard whisper. Modern senatorial corruption is but the cunning refinement of the brutal corruption of Rome just before that world conquerer fell. This is a fact which faces every citizen, which will make the red blood of his heart throb for justice.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, in the May issue of the COSMOPOLITAN falls under the scourge of facts that David Graham Phillips in

THE TREASON OF THE SENATE

is laying upon him. Of this dignified senatorial representative of the people a distinguished Marylander wrote, in an open letter to the press, challenging suit for libel: "You are steeped in corruption and saturated with official perjury," and continued with damnatory facts that certainly warranted the accusation.

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see their performances. A packed house greeted "The Clansman." H. F. INGERSOLL.

Springfield, Ill., April 9.—Springfield has been fortunate in securing good attractions. "The Gingerbread Man," at Chatterton's Opera House, received a warm reception and was followed by Grace George in "The Marriage of Wm. Ashe." Eugenie Blair pleased a small audience. "The Little Gray Lady" charmed a small audience. Lewis Morrison, in "Faust," was in good form though the supporting company was somewhat weak. "The Lion and the Mouse," March 13 and 14, made the hit of the season. RAYMOND BAKER.

Springfield, Mass., April 8.—The past month has been one of much activity in theatricals, and business has been excellent despite the Lenten season. At Court Square Theatre musical comedy has been well represented. Frank Daniels presented "Sergeant Brue" to a capacity audience and pleased immensely. "The Rogers Bros. in Ireland" followed and were cordially received. We were also favored with the initial performances of "The Free Lance," Sousa and Smith's new opera with Joseph Cawthorne and Nella Bergen in the leading rôles. H. W. ATWOOD.

St. Louis, Mo., April 8.—St. Louis has been especially favored during the last month in both the quantity and quality of the plays presented. The sublime, the ridiculous, the "problem" play, the Shakespearian tragedy, the musical farce, the emotional drama, have all been here. Margaret Anglin, in "Zira"; Montgomery and Stone, in "The Wizard of Oz"; Richard Carle, in "The Mayor of Tokio"; Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, in "Romeo and Juliet." Besides these E. S. Willard was enthusiastically welcomed in his repertoire of old and new favorites. ARTHUR P. O'LEARY.

St. Paul, Minn., April 9.—The month of March brought an unusually good list of attractions. Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Dollars," "Babes in Toyland," Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," the Savage Opera Co. in "Valkyrie," "Rigoletto," "Faust," etc.; "Checkers," Nance O'Neill in repertoire, and Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case," were among the offerings at the Metropolitan. At the Grand we had "The Duke of Duluth," "Phantasma," "David Harum" and "Eight Bells." The cornerstone of the new Auditorium was laid Saturday, March 31st. The building will be ready for occupancy by the beginning of the season and will be a handsome structure. Ground has been broken for the new Orpheum Theatre, and the house will be ready for next season's business. The ten-cent vaudeville circuit is figuring on erecting a play house here. H. A. TREAT.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 9.—The productions at the Wieting Opera House have not been particularly numerous, but every offering has drawn big houses. One of the most enjoyable productions given was "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." "Ben Hur" was given its second local production. The "Roger Brothers in Ireland" played to a crowded house, although Max did not appear in this city. Andrew Mack received a generous welcome in his latest piece, "The Way to Kenmare." This is the first time Mr. Mack was seen in this city for several years. EDWARD C. HEISE.

Tacoma, Wash., April 8.—Among the many attractions at the Tacoma during the past few weeks were Paul Gilmore as "Captain Debonaire," who won his way into the affections of a large and representative audience. The musical novelty, "Woodland," pleased all with its catchy and tuneful airs, followed by the musical cocktail, "Piff, Paff, Pouf." John Sainpolis scored a remarkable success in "The Christian," supported by Miss Lillian Lawrence. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Toledo, Ohio, April 10.—"It's All Your Fault," with Herbert Sleath and Arthur Selwyn was one of the funniest farces seen here this year. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon drew a large house with "The Lightning Conductor." Sophie Brandt in the "Madcap Princess" played to small houses. "The Land of Nod" was presented by a mediocre company and did not please. "Woodland" followed and played to large business. Kyrle Bellew in "Raffles" played to capacity. John Drew in "De Lancey" drew a fashionable audience. Macklyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman" was well received. H. S. DRAGO.

Toronto, Can., April 10.—Theatre-goers were charmed with Henrietta Crosman's portrayal of the rôle of Rosalind in "As You Like It." The acting was so good throughout that one could overlook the fact that the scenery was much the worse for wear. As a play, "The Lightning Conductor" is unpardonably poor, but Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon made the most of the material at hand and pleased small audiences. AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Winnipeg, Can., April 10.—Winnipeg is much elated over the new theatre which Manager Walker has just started to build. It will have a seating capacity of 2,000 people and will be equipped with all modern improvements. Our first Grand Opera season was very successful, Savage's Grand Opera Company playing to capacity houses at all of its five performances. Nance O'Neil, with a capable company, was seen for the first time in Winnipeg in "Magda," "The Fires of St. John" and "Macbeth" and proved a good drawing card for Manager Walker's house. EDWARD MACGAENEN.

Worcester, Mass., April 10.—The announcement in a local paper that Sam S. and Lee Shubert have taken the lease of the Worcester Theatre came as a great surprise as this house has been controlled by the Frohmans for years. This leaves the syndicate without a local theatre. The rumor that the Franklin would not have a stock company after this season and would be run by the syndicate has been vigorously denied. The Malcolm Williams Stock Company have been doing a good business and have no intention of quitting. We have had, at the Worcester, Eleanor Robson in "Susan in Search of a Husband," which gave good satisfaction. F. N. DRURY.

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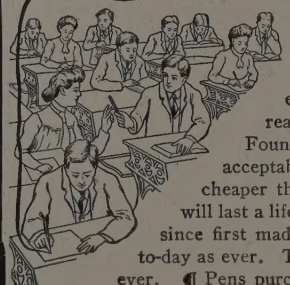

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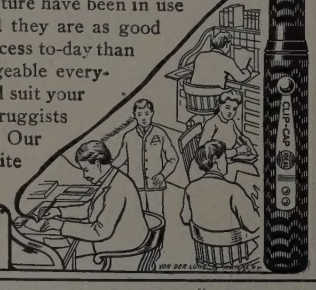

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